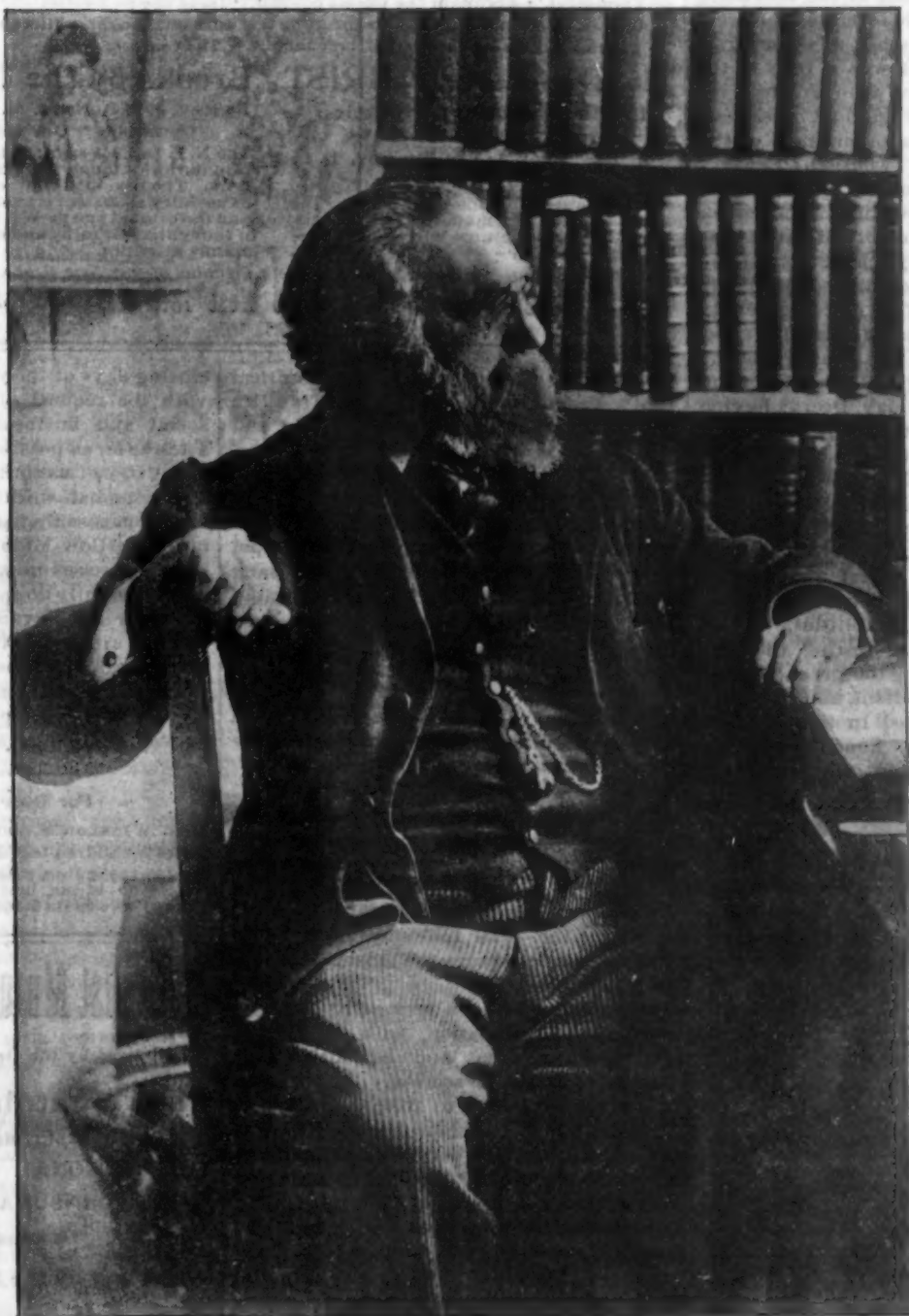




Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1902

BOOK NUMBER



JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

Author of "The Life of Queen Anne," etc.

Harper & Brothers: New York.

Noteworthy Presiding Elders' Convention

TUESDAY, Dec. 2, 1902, is a day already marked down as historic in the story of New England Methodism. On that day was held the first convention of the presiding elders of New England. Never before, since Jesse Lee rode into Boston town, has there been a regularly called and stated meeting of all the presiding elders whose districts are within the bounds of New England. There have been those who have dreamed of such a meeting, but never before has it come to pass.

On the above day, however, in obedience to the call of Bishop Mallalieu to all the heads of the New England districts, these captains of the host of the Lord met at 10 A. M. in the library of the Boston University Theological School on Mt. Vernon St., only one of the whole number invited being absent. The meeting which followed was as memorable as the fact of the assembly itself. Dean Buell, as host, stated the occasion of the coming together of those present, announcing that it was a part of the program of the Bishops who are to have charge of the New England Conferences this spring, for a proper observance of the closing days of the Twentieth Century Thank-Offering Movement. Organization then was perfected, resulting in the choice of Dr. W. T. Perrin as chairman, and Rev. W. I. Ward as secretary. Dr. Perrin stated that it was the desire of Bishop Mallalieu and of the other Bishops more especially associated with New England at this time, to have the closing of the Thank-Offering movement in New England take the form of a Jesse Lee Day, Sunday, Dec. 28, having been set apart for that day. Dean Buell then was introduced and spoke at length, explaining the plan of the Bishops. Messages from several of the Bishops were read, notably one from Bishop Mallalieu sent from Paris, Texas, which read as follows: "Exceedingly regret unavoidable absence. Let all New England measure up to all her magnificent possibilities." Dean Buell then made an interesting and impressive speech, exalting the great founder of New England Methodism, and showing the poetic justice involved in the proposition of the Bishops to honor Jesse Lee. The address deeply stirred all present. A

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biographical sketch showing much critical study was then read by Rev. Franklin Hamilton, giving a *résumé* of the life and achievements of the Apostle of New England Methodism. President Warren spoke briefly, after which the whole company broke forth into an enthusiastic singing of Charles Wesley's hymn, "The Gospel Feast" — the hymn which Jesse Lee sang under the Old Elm on Boston Common. The convention then voted unanimously to follow the suggestion of the Bishops and hold a Jesse Lee Day on Dec. 28, and have special services and collections in all the New England churches on that day for the purpose of honoring Jesse Lee by establishing a Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching in Boston University School of Theology.

The afternoon was spent in working out a practical plan for carrying out the above-stated proposal. All of those present participated in a spirited discussion of great interest. Finally it was determined to send details of the plan to every preacher in New England and urge the most earnest co-operation of all.

The convention then formed itself into a permanent organization, with Dr. W. T. Perrin as president and Dr. Edward O. Thayer, of Maine, as secretary. A telegram of greeting was sent to Bishop Mallalieu. The whole company then dined together at the First Church, where a social hour was spent. A meeting in the evening for praise and prayer and spiritual counsel among the elders themselves closed what was probably as unique and memorable a gathering as has been held among New England Methodists since the first Annual Conference was constituted east of the Hudson.

Appeal to New England Methodists

THE presiding elders of all New England, assembled in Boston on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2, after a season of earnest prayer and thoughtful discussion of the spiritual needs of their districts, voted to unite in an appeal to the preachers and official members to take the lead in a unanimous and hearty observance of the four

closing days of the year 1902, in accordance with the request of our Bishops. Let all social and business engagements be set aside so far as possible, and let these days be spent in self-examination, fervent prayer, and personal work in soul-saving. The consciousness that at least a large majority of our fellow-Methodists are uniting in these exercises must be an inspiration to all. Especially do the presiding elders urge the general observance of watch-night. All pastors are respectfully requested to read this appeal, in connection with that of the Bishops, before their congregations.

WILLARD T. PERRIN, President.

EDWARD O. THAYER, Secretary.

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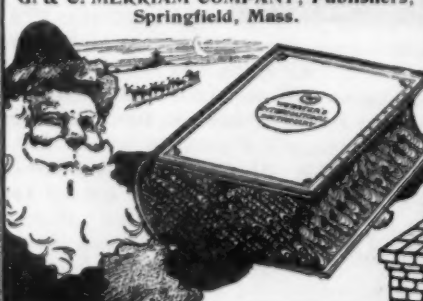
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A Well-Governed City

IN Dusseldorf, Germany, municipal ownership has been developed to a very unusual degree of efficiency. The city owns and manages practically everything in the way of public utilities. Railways, street-car lines, gas and electricity for illuminating and other purposes, telephones, post-office, harbor, docks, warehouses, elevators, free baths, parks, gardens, art galleries, museums, and a municipal theatre are all under the direct charge of the authorities. In the sphere of education the municipality does everything — runs schools, colleges, gymnasia, technical schools, libraries, etc. There are no alums, and not likely to be any, as the city council has adopted a progressive housing policy. It builds municipal dwellings, and money is loaned on easy terms from the social insurance funds to help working men build their own houses. Several kinds of banks are maintained, and for the benefit of the very poor the city provides a municipal pawnshop. A system of state insurance against old age and sickness, universal pensions for workmen, and provincial fire insurance are supported in which the city participates. When the citizen dies he is buried in the municipal graveyard by the municipal undertaker. The government of the city is in the hands of a benevolent oligarchy which has limited the voting franchise so that two-thirds of the city council is elected by the property classes.

Case of Reed Smoot of Utah

QUITE a number of papers are pointing out that the case of Reed Smoot, who will probably be elected United States Senator from Utah, is not identical with that of Roberts, who was denied a seat in the Senate because he was a polygamist. It is not specifically charged by objectors that Mr. Smoot is a polygamist, but that he is a "Mormon." Mormons are not all polygamists, and it will be practically impossible to keep this gentleman out of the Senate merely because of his ecclesiastical associations. If it can be shown that he is violating the law against poly-

amy, then the case is altered entirely. As a matter of political expediency the Mormons would scarcely venture to send another polygamist to the Senate, with the practical certainty that he would meet with the same treatment as that accorded to Roberts.

Lincoln and Lee

THE people of New York honored the memory of Lee by inscribing his name in their Hall of Fame, and now the State of Mississippi pays tribute to the high character and exalted patriotism of Abraham Lincoln by asking Robert T. Lincoln to place a portrait of his father in the hall of fame of the new capitol building at Jackson. In the letter of invitation the director of the State historical department says: "We of the South now realize the greatness and goodness and grandness of the character of President Abraham Lincoln, and would honor his memory. Permit me in the name of the State to invite you to place a portrait of President Lincoln in the new capitol of Mississippi, that it may symbolize his love for his country, his devotion to duty, and his heartfelt sympathy for the Southern people." Mr. Lincoln very promptly complied with the request. The incident has occasioned widespread discussion and considerable criticism throughout the South. The significant feature of the affair is that Jefferson Davis' own State, and the second one to secede, has most signally honored the martyred President.

Uncinariasis, the Cause of Laziness

SINCE all the ailments of mankind are being gradually traced to a variety of germs which, in the last analysis, it is hoped, may eventually be located and destroyed, the public is not surprised by the recent announcement of Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, zoologist of the Agricultural Department, that the laziness of the Southern "Cracker" is due to uncinariasis, or hook-worm disease, which produces a condition of which the symptoms are greatly like those of continued malaria. Its presence in succeeding generations has resulted in inferior development of mental and physical powers, the bodily growth often being so stunted that men and women of twenty and twenty-three years of age seem to be only about fourteen and sixteen. The disease creates an abnormal appetite for different things. "Dirt eaters" are almost always sufferers from it; likewise the famous "pickle eaters" of North Carolina. It may be easily surmised that the state of degeneracy described is the inevitable result of several generations of unsanitary surroundings and appalling privations. Children who leave the country districts in the South to work in the mills become

greatly improved as a result of better food and environment. Inanition, together with the accompanying disease, is the cause of weakness among some of the South American peoples, and also makes the natives of India the easy victims of the plague. In the case of the poor whites of the South Dr. Stiles says it is possible to greatly improve their condition and cure the disease from which so many are suffering. To this end the Department of Agriculture will shortly issue a report prepared by him, which will be widely distributed in the South.

Improvements in the Postal Service

IN his annual report Postmaster General Payne makes several important recommendations for improvements in the postal system, among which is the reduction of the rates of foreign postage, to be arranged with Great Britain, Germany and France. Congress is urged to pass a law providing for an easy, convenient and safe method of transmitting small sums — \$2 and less — without putting the sender to the inconvenience and expense of procuring a draft or a money order. This is an endorsement of the Post check system, by which specially prepared paper currency may be transformed into checks, a description of which has already appeared in these columns. The report also asks that legislation be enacted authorizing the extension of free delivery in towns of not less than 5,000 population, or \$5,000 annual postal receipts; that rural letter carriers be allowed an annual leave of absence not to exceed fifteen days, with pay; that the department be given specific authority to introduce a system of reply postal cards and envelopes.

Management of the Army

ONE of the most important measures before Congress is the bill providing for a general staff for the army, in harmony with the recommendations of the Secretary of War. The chief weakness of the military establishment is in the lack of an adequate co-ordinating factor or power, which is the principal element of all effective organized work. Different departments overlap and work at cross purposes under the present arrangement. The "general of the army" is a mere figure-head so far as actual management is concerned. It is the fault of the system, and not entirely that of the man who holds the office. Mr. Root has devoted much of his time, when not otherwise engaged, to working out the plan of the general staff which he asks Congress to create. He proposes to place the well-organized departments under the care of general staff officers, who in turn would be responsible

directly to the chief of staff. The President, as commander-in-chief, would deal with the chief of staff in conducting military operations. Although the new official would not have as high sounding a title as the "general of the army," he would have far more real authority and power in the general management of the army. In case the Government should order a military expedition, it would be the business of the general staff to supply information about how many men there are who can be devoted to that purpose, from what points they are to be drawn, what bodies of troops ought to be left or sent elsewhere, and what bodies may be included in the proposed expedition; whether there are ships enough to transport them, where they are to be obtained, whether they are properly fitted up, what more should be done to them; what are the available stocks of clothing, arms, and ammunition, and engineers' material, and horses and wagons, and all the innumerable supplies and munitions necessary for a large expedition; how the things are to be supplied which are not ready, but which are necessary, and how long time will be required to supply them. Lack of such specific information at the outset and during the Spanish war caused much needless waste, delay and suffering.

Crisis in Venezuela

PRESIDENT CASTRO has failed to satisfy the German and British creditors of Venezuela, and now Germany and Great Britain threaten to send warships to enforce the payment of their claims. Preparations have been made for a joint naval demonstration and blockade of the principal ports. The ministers of the powers named have presented their demands upon the authorities at Caracas, but the Venezuelans do not take the threats seriously.

Thomas B. Reed

THOMAS B. REED is dead. He reached the end of his earthly career shortly after 12 o'clock A. M., Sunday, Dec. 7, at his home in Washington, in the presence of his wife and daughter and the attending physicians and nurses. For a number of days he had been suffering from uræmic poisoning, and although the physicians realized that medical science could not save him, they did not expect the end quite so soon. Death came quietly after he had been practically unconscious for several hours. Although he had been in political retirement for a few years past, Mr. Reed will not be speedily forgotten by the American people. As a leader of the Republican Party and as Speaker of the House of Representatives he made an impression that time cannot efface. His career is much like that of other typical Americans who have reached prominence in political life by gradual achievement rather than by sudden bounds. A son of Maine, he was born at Portland, Oct. 18, 1839, graduated from Bowdoin, studied law and opened an office in Portland, in which city he practiced successfully for several years. During his residence there he served as a member of the legislature, as attorney general, and as city solicitor. In 1876 he was elected to Con-

gress for the first time as the representative of the First District. During the first year, as is the case with all new members, he did not make much headway. A few years later, however, he gained recognition and became the parliamentary leader on the floor of the House. After twelve years of service on the committees, on the floor, and in the arduous routine of his office, he was elected Speaker, and magnified this position by enforcing rulings which made it impossible for the minority to prevent legislation which he was convinced should be enacted. His methods put an end to filibustering, and won for him the expres-



THE LATE HON. THOMAS B. REED

sive title of "Czar" Reed, by which he became known in all parts of the country. For several years, as Speaker, he wielded power second if not in some respects superior to that of the President. In August, 1899, he resigned as a member of Congress, removed to New York, and resumed the practice of law.

Mr. Reed's Political Views

THERE were times in Mr. Reed's career when he clashed painfully with his party. A notable instance was his opposition to the annexation of Hawaii. He was an anti-expansionist and a high protectionist of the most pronounced type, and naturally was not in sympathy with Mr. McKinley on those important political doctrines. In the December number of the *North American Review* he has an article on, "What shall we Do with the Tariff?" in which the sum of his argument is: "Let it alone." His voluntary retirement may be attributed to these differences, and to the fact that he had reached the conclusion that he could never be elected President. In 1884 he was recognized as promising presidential timber, but the party leaders did not trust him sufficiently to give him the nomination. They admired his high character and eminent fitness for the office, but feared his positive and unyielding nature. Otherwise he was within easy reach of this coveted political prize; but, like another son of Maine, James G. Blaine, with whom he never agreed, he was destined to disappointment. Aside from his conspicuousness as an oratorical speaker, Mr. Reed will be remembered as a witty,

bitingly ironical and successful parliamentary debater rather than as a constructive statesman. In addition to the foregoing he contributed numerous interesting and valuable articles on national subjects to the papers and magazines. Mr. Reed was happy in his domestic relations, and was highly esteemed for the purity and integrity of his private life.

Alice Freeman Palmer

IT is difficult to realize that Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who died so suddenly in Paris on Saturday, is no longer in the land of the living. She was so buoyant, inspirational and masterful, that she seemed to be destined for a long career of widely-extending usefulness. Her commanding ability as teacher, speaker and writer, her intense altruism and practical self-effacement, had won for her a high place in educational and philanthropic circles and in the hearts of the people—young women especially—who had come within the sphere of her personal and professional influence. As president of Wellesley for some of the best years of her life, she gained a wide reputation as an educator, and developed the college until it took university rank and was placed in the list of first-class educational institutions for women. In 1887 she resigned the presidency of Wellesley to become the wife of George Herbert Palmer, professor of philosophy at Harvard. From 1892 to 1895 she served as dean of the woman's department at the University of Chicago. She has since devoted herself to the larger aspects of education for women both at home and abroad, being at the time of her death a member of the State Board of Education, president of the Woman's Educational Association, president of the Corporative Institute for Girls of Spain, president of the Boston Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants, and prominently identified with other organizations of similar scope.

EVENTS WORTH NOTING

MINISTER TO JAPAN.—John Barrett, ex-Minister to Siam, has been appointed Minister to Japan to succeed Minister Buck, who died recently.

COAL STRIKE COMMISSION.—The Coal Strike Commission has resumed its sittings at Scranton, and is busy examining witnesses. Congress will probably appropriate \$50,000 to pay the salaries and expenses of the commissioners. Wayne MacVeagh is still working on a plan for a private settlement.

FAMOUS CARTOONIST DEAD.—Thomas Nast, Consul General to Ecuador, died at Guayaquil, Dec. 7, of yellow fever, after a three days' illness. Nast began his career as a cartoonist during the war between the North and the South. He has caricatured many of the famous politicians of the United States. The "Tammany tiger" was one of his creations.

CIVIC FEDERATION.—The industrial department of the Civic Federation, of which Senator Hanna is the chairman, is holding its first annual meeting in New York this week. A feature of importance was a discussion of arbitration and conciliation, compulsory or voluntary, and the limitations of conciliation, which was opened by Charles Francis Adams.

TALK WITH TYPES

TYPES talk. They have a language of their own. They are the symbols of speech, the depositions of thought, the memoranda of experience, the signatures of life. Types talk in regions where the human voice cannot reach. It might almost be said of them as the Hebrew lyrist said of the planetary orbs, "They have no speech nor language, yet their voice is heard." Types talk for good or for bad. The little leaden things may not realize it, but they are really allies of either heaven or hell. They are potentially instruments of blessing, but actually are but too often the agents of hateful blasphemy. The printed page has an ethical character, a moral mission. It makes or unmakes men.

Types talk forever. The types themselves perish, are pried, broken, remelted or cast away — even the stereotype plate at last goes to the furnace or the scrap-heap — but the talk of the types goes on; their influence for weal or woe is felt forevermore. Their varied story, though set up in minion, or even in agate, writes itself broadly and indelibly athwart the lengthening ages of the unmeasured life beyond.

Let the types talk, but let them talk

PRIMERS TO PROPHECIES

THERE are books that are Primers. Their utility is a pedagogic use. They are intended to start thought, and to lead reflection on a way, as the "pedagogue" among the Greeks took the child by the hand and led him to school. Such books have their place and value, for learning must be alphabetic before it is academic.

There are books that are Pegs. They do not go very far, they are narrow in range, perhaps they are stubby and sharp; but at some point or other they stick into the solid wall of reality, and they are at least convenient to hang theories on. From them depend filmy fabrics of hypothesis, which may come in play after awhile as foils to more substantial intellectual robings. And on these literary pegs men can hang up many a knotty question whose answer is not today, nor perhaps tomorrow, but may be the day after.

There are books that are Poems. In them stirs the music of the spheres, the indefinable melody of life — of life not coarse and prosaic as we know it, but the rhythm of ideal existence, the throb and thrill of the coming age — like sweet songs sounding faintly from far across the sea. Volumes such as these are vistas,

tion. They disperse the beams of light on every hand. They break up the one beautiful reality that runs through all the universe into manifold charms of particular exhibition and application.

There are books that are Prayers. Men enter them as they would temples, and at once they are in an atmosphere of devotion. Mind and heart become attuned to heavenly things, the presence of God seems very real and blessed, and litanies rise to the lips as naturally as fragrance exhales from the flowers.

There are books that are Prophecies — of bigger and better books to come. We feel when we read them that the last word has not been said. Those books may have said the first, or the second, or the hundredth word on a given subject; they may have uttered the truth that was lying for ages dormant in the world's broad bosom; they may set the world thinking fast and furiously, but they have not struck the final note, they have not conveyed the ultimate conception. Alpha may have been pronounced, or possibly Beta, but Omega is still at the other end of the alphabet.

We thank God for the books He has given, through the instrumentality of men; and we thank God — with that gratitude which imports a lively sense of favors to come — for the books which, some time in the great future, we are sure that He will yet give the world.

WHAT TO READ

HAVING passed through the gate of the alphabet into the pleasant pastures of literature, the novice finds the attractive paths stretching out on every side to be so many that, except he meet with a guide, he suffers much embarrassment. Guides there are, proffering their services, but this does not wholly relieve his perplexity; for how shall he choose between them? They are by no means agreed as to the best course to be pursued; and the distracted youth is generally forced to plunge ahead without much direction, making various mistakes, but realizing that to learn by personal, perhaps disastrous, experience is often the only available way.

Happy is he who gets, first of all, a clear idea as to what he expects from reading; for this will be a very important aid to him in selecting what to read. There are certain things which books cannot do for us, and other things which they can do. They cannot furnish brains. They cannot take the place of ancestry, nor alter the governing lines of the disposition. They will not turn a clodhopper or a loafer into a scholar. But they can supply food for thought and for conversation. Facts and ideas may be gained from them; information and stimulation it is theirs to convey. Reading has for its office to rest us when we are weary, to divert us when we are depressed, to teach us that of which we are ignorant, and to strengthen our minds by bringing us into contact with great truths. Books are companions; they are also tools.

This being the case, it clearly appears what are the limits within which one can guide another as to his reading. He can tell him, in a general way, what companions are likely to benefit him, and what



From "THE BLUE FLOWER," by Henry Van Dyke. Copyright, 1902, Charles Scribner's Sons.

for God and not for Satan, for better and not for worse, for human brotherhood and not for contemptible self-interest, for the things that are worth while and not for the baubles that perish by the way, for truth as against error, and for moral beauty rather than sensuous sin — in favor of eternal Right, and in behalf of all things true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

their pages are as open visions; their metres measure for us the virtues that escape the recognition of the sordid world, the values that the hand of toil touches not.

There are books that are Prisms. They subject knowledge and experience to a kind of spectrum analysis. They refract the pure white ray of heavenly truth into multicolor gleams of earthly illumina-

tools are best adapted for certain specific purposes. But the person himself will have to make his own choice, to a very great degree, by trying one thing after another until he discovers what really meets his particular needs. It is a good deal as it is with medicines. The same thing will not equally help all, because of constitutional differences. There must be individual adaptation and independent selection.

One's reading should be managed on as intelligent and well-defined a plan as one's eating. The purpose to be accomplished must control. If the mind is weary with work and seeks refreshment or amusement as a preliminary to healthful slumber, something light is clearly in place. If one wants a spur to composition he will read some model of style that will quicken his own intellectual powers. If one wishes to be put in touch with nature before taking a summer tour, there are certain books admirably adapted to do it. But quite a different class of books must be resorted to by him who wishes to cultivate his spiritual aspirations or be brought into closest contact with God.

It hardly needs to be said that we should not read much, if any, in books that lower the standard of morals or of literary taste; in books that compel us to associate with characters whom we would, or should, shun in daily life; in books manifestly written without a conscience simply to make money. To read a book merely because it is new or talked about is not wise. Neither is it best to confine one's reading wholly to great books of tried fame, the classic standards, of which to be ignorant is a disgrace. A due variety of foods is good for the mental system as for the physical — something of the old, something of the new, something for the imagination, something for the reason, something in the line of one's manifest natural bent, and something a little out of it to broaden and develop that which may be latent. Each one must settle for himself the question what to read so as to get the most profit out of the hours so spent, and in settling this question he will have need of all the wisdom he can muster or borrow.

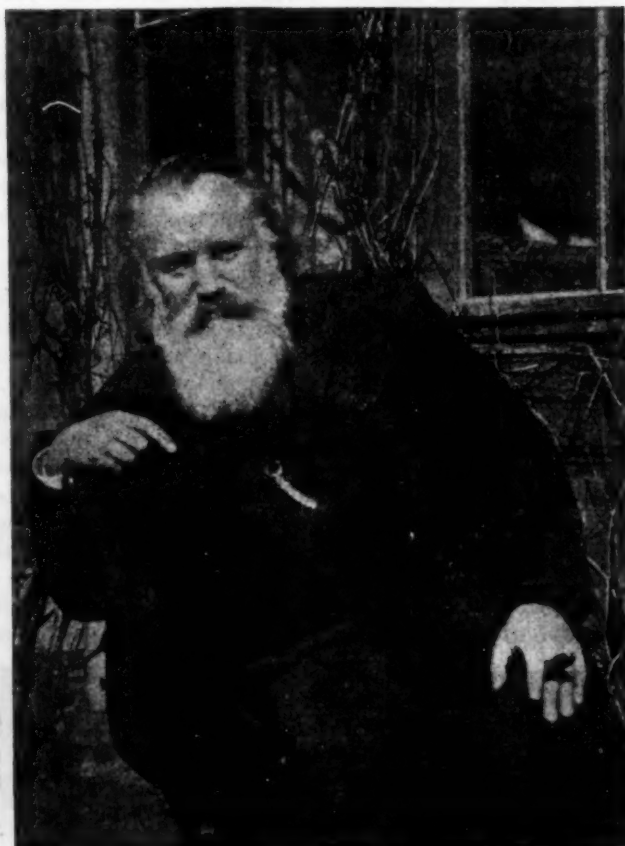
HOW TO READ

ALL are aware that there is good reading and bad reading so far as elocutionary processes are concerned, and the conveyance of the sense of the writer to the mind of the hearer. It should also be said with emphasis that there is much bad reading so far as pertains to the personal impression received from the use of one's eyes upon the page. To have a book in one's hand is not the same as to be improving the time, even when the book itself is a good one. We live in an age of reading, but not every one who has familiarity with printed words knows how to read.

He does not know how who thinks the number of volumes perused is a matter for pride; nor yet he who boasts his acquaintance with all the latest novels, and subscribes for half a dozen of the most popular periodicals. Quality is of more importance than quantity. The best books should be read more than once. Repetition and review are absolutely essential to the highest results. One must be willing

to be ignorant of much that is commonly talked about in order to have something in mind really worth talking about. A dozen volumes of weight, or even half a dozen, mastered in the course of a year means a great deal more as a matter of mental growth than a hundred rushed

than to laboriously wade through mighty tomes because such have been recommended or some resolution so to do was unadvisedly adopted. Perhaps the best way is to have for a while some leading topic or leading author around which to collect one's thoughts and from which to



JOHANNES BRAHMS

Of all the figures of modern music, brilliant and varied as they are impressing one with the many-sidedness and wide scope of the art, there is perhaps only one, that of Johannes Brahms, which conveys the sense of satisfying poise, self-control, and sanity. Others excel him in particular qualities. Grieg is more delicate and intimate, Dvorak warmer and clearer in color, Saint-Saens is more meteoric, Franck more recondite and subtle, and Tchaikowsky more impassioned; but Brahms alone has Homeric simplicity, the primeval health of the well-balanced man. He excels all his contemporaries in soundness and universality. In an age when many people are uncertain of themselves and the world, victims of a pervasive unrest and disappointment, it is soiling to find so heroic and simple a soul, who finds life acceptable, meets it genially, and utters his joy and his sorrow with the old classic sincerity. He is not blighted by any of the myriad forms of egotism — by sentimentality, by the itch to be effective at all costs, or to be "original," or to be Byronic or romantic or unfathomable. He has no "message" for an errant world; no anathema, either profoundly gloomy or insolently clever, to hurl at God. He has rather a deep and broad impersonal love of life; universal joy is the sum and substance of his expression. — From FROM GRIEG TO BRAHMS, by Daniel Gregory Mason (The Outlook Company).

through and forgotten. If one would get much good from his reading he must read thoughtfully, with pen or pencil in hand, note-book near, and, if possible, some one to discuss the subject with, or some paper to prepare embodying the results arrived at.

Yet there is such a thing as an art of skimming, skipping, or reading by selection, that is not to be despised. Ordinary books contain a good deal of padding, a good deal that is commonplace and that can be omitted by one who has read widely. Certain sections or chapters often embrace all that is really important, and it would be very foolish to feel a duty to plod through the whole. Many pages can be sufficiently taken in at a glance by those practiced in this, and thus time be saved for the meaty parts.

Shall one read by system and with method? It cannot be pronounced a bad idea, and yet it can be easily overdone. To read with relish, with curiosity, with sustained interest, and for the accomplishment of a purpose for the moment highly prized, has more promise of profit in it

go out in such excursions as may be feasible; then when that particular line of investigation is tolerably exhausted to take up some cognate one, or even some contrasted one, and so build up a widely extended palace of knowledge.

One should certainly read with prayer and care, with patience and perseverance, for one's self and for other people, with diligence and determination, with enjoyment and exhilaration. Character depends upon it, and is formed by it. Great joy is derived from it and much good done. It is better to read for a time somewhat aimlessly and at random rather than not to read at all; for many have to learn to read by reading. He who has really acquired the art of getting the greatest benefit out of books and has a fairly good supply of books on which to draw, need not envy the millionaire, for he is king in a much higher realm than that of money.

Rev. Hosea Hewitt's extensive knowledge of books is helpfully revealed in the abstract of a paper recently read at a Preachers' Meeting, written out for the HERALD by request of the editor, and published elsewhere.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE YEAR

PROSPERITY in the business world, and a feeling of financial confidence among the people, have made the year 1902 one of unusual activity with American publishers, and a large output in all departments of literature has been the result. In spite of quantity, however, the quality of the literary output is remarkably well sustained. There seems to have been a smaller proportion of confessedly worthless books published during the present year than for many years preceding, and this is true particularly of the fiction, which has been almost uniformly good.

Nevertheless, in this country at least, the books of the year which might be called notable are comparatively few. The reading public has been introduced to much excellent literature — literature of unquestionably artistic quality, pure moral tone and instructive and improving character — but to little that is of striking strength or permanent value. There have been an exceptional number of books which persons of intelligence would be sorry not to have read, and yet the number of volumes which one would choose from the literature of 1902 as worthy of preservation would hardly fill a small shelf.

American Biography

has been enriched by at least three strikingly good and noteworthy contributions: Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years" — charming and instructive; Col. T. W. Higginson's "Longfellow;" and Prof. George E. Woodberry's "Hawthorne" — the two latter in the "American Men of Letters" series. In the same class, and equally delightful as literature, is Mr. John Burroughs' "Audubon," in the "Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans" series. An admirable "Life of James Martineau," by James Drummond, LL.D., and Dr. Charles B. Upton, and "Recollections of a Long Life," the autobiography of Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, claim particularly the attention of the religious world. Other pleasing volumes of biography are: "The True Aaron Burr" and "Daniel Ricketson and His Friends." Ricketson was a New Bedford Quaker, and an intimate friend of the "Concord immortals," especially Thoreau.

There have been only a fair number of notable volumes of

Religious Thought

during the year. Newman Smyth's strong Lowell Institute Lectures for 1901 have been published in a volume entitled, "Through Science to Faith" — a thought-compelling and convincing book. "The Varieties of Religious Experience," by William James, is a volume of rare psychological insight and value, as is also the recent volume from Prof. George A. Coe, entitled "The Religion of a Mature Mind." A strong book and up-to-date is Selleck's "The Spiritual Outlook." "Jesus' Way," by President Hyde, of Bowdoin, is refreshing in its independence and clear-sightedness. Other books of notable value in the religious thought of the day are Dr. William A. Brown's "Essence of Christianity," Dr. Briggs' "The Incarnation of the Lord," Dr.

Hillis' "Faith and Character," and "The Rational Basis of Orthodoxy," by Dr. Albert W. Moore.

History

is represented by the much-looked-for final volume in Mr. John Fiske's series of histories of this country, "New France and New England;" Hulbert's "Historic Highways of America;" "The Territorial Growth of the United States," by William A. Mowry; "A History of the Nineteenth Century," by Edwin Emerson, Jr.; Captain Mahan's "Retrospect and Prospect;" Hemstreet's "When Old New York was Young;" Colquhoun's

Riley's "The Book of Joyous Children" will, perhaps, add another classic to the poetical literature of childhood.

Among the chief volumes of

Essays

may be mentioned Howells' "Literature and Life" — a volume of characteristic papers on miscellaneous subjects; "Literary Values," by John Burroughs, a delightful companion volume to his "Indoor Studies;" "The Homely Virtues," by Ian Maclaren; "Work and Days," by Hamilton W. Mable; "Our Literary Deluge," by Francis W. Halsey; "Shakespeare and His Forerunners," by Sidney



*Ever yours sincerely,
D. A. Ricketson*

[Frontispiece.]

From "THE MARTYR ISLE: ERROMANGA." Copyright, 1902, A. C. Armstrong & Son.

"The Mastery of the Pacific;" Charles Francis Adams' "Lee at Appomattox;" and, most notably of all, by President Woodrow Wilson's monumental "History of the American People," in five volumes.

Poetry

is slenderly represented. Two volumes, however, have been issued that are ranked high by the critics — Stedman's "Mater Coronata," and Moody's "Masque of Judgment." Some highly original and rather striking work in verse has also been done by Mr. Edwin A. Robinson in his "Captain Craig." James Whitcomb

Lanier; "The Field of Ethics," by Prof. George H. Palmer; "Essays Historical and Literary," by John Fiske; Dr. Hillis' "The Quest of Happiness;" "A Fighting Frigate, and other Essays and Addresses," by Henry Cabot Lodge; and "Keats and His Circle," by Henry C. Shelley.

Two leading books of

Travels

are Bishop Potter's "The East of Today and Tomorrow," and Sir Gilbert Parker's "Quebec." "The Hudson River from Ocean to Source," by Edgar May-

bew Bacon, is embellished with copies of rare old prints. "New England and its Neighbors," by Clifton Johnson, is a pleasing local study.

A long list must be made of the leading

Novels

of the year. Many of a high order of merit have been published. All of the leading houses have put forth stories which are having a phenomenally large sale. Little more can be done, in a hasty review like the present, than to mention the titles of the best—judged by popularity: "Audrey," by Mary Johnston; "The Colonials," by Allen French; "The Valley of Decision," by Edith Wharton; "The Lady Paramount," by Henry Harland; "The Diary of a Goose Girl," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Captain Macklin" and "Ransom's Folly," by Richard Harding Davis; "Avery," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Virginian," by Owen Wister; "The Master of Caxton," by Hildegard Brooks; "The Desert and the Sown," by Mary Hallock Foote; "Our Lady of the Beeches," by the Baroness von Hutten (clever, but subtly immoral in atmosphere and suggestion); "The Rescue," by Anne Douglass Sedgwick; "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "The Maid-at-Arms," by Robert W. Chambers; "Bylow Hill," by George W. Cable (unexpectedly and even cheaply sensational, it seems to us); "The Little White Bird," by James M. Barrie; "Confessions of a Wife," by Mary Adams; "The Pharaoh and the Priest," translated by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin from the Polish of Alexander Głowatski; "Temporal Power," by Marie Corelli; "Dorothy South," by George Cary Eggleston; "Glengarry School Days," by Ralph Connor; "The Westcotes," by A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Red-Head," by John Uri Lloyd; "Barbara Ladd," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "The Two Vanrevels," by Booth Tarkington; "Hearts Courageous," by Hallie Erminie Rives; "The Leopard's Spots," by Thomas Dixon; and "The Wooling of Wistaria," by Onoto Watanna.

The principal volumes of

Short Stories

for the year are: "Openings in the Old Trail," by Bret Harte; "A Sea Turn and Other Matters," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "A Volume of Stories," by Frank R. Stockton (arranged for before his death); "The Blue Flower," by Henry Van Dyke; and "The Wind in the Rose Bush," by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman—the last named being a collection of stories of the supernatural.

Every year the literature of

Economics

increases in output and importance. The present year contributes a gratifying number of volumes. Among them should be mentioned: "Social Salvation," by Dr. Washington Gladden; "The Battle with the Slum," by Jacob A. Riis; "The Rights of Man," by Lyman Abbott; "The Coming City," by Richard T. Ely; "The Citizen and the Industrial Situation," by Bishop Potter; "Human Nature and the Social Order," by C. H. Cooley; "Funds and their Uses," by Dr. F. A. Cleveland; "Trust Finance," by Dr. E. S. Mead; "The

Economics of Forestry," by Bernard E. Fernow; "The Leaven in a Great City," by Lillian W. Betts; "The Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem," by Dr. J. S. Billings; "Americans in Process," edited by Robert A. Woods (studies by experienced settlement workers); "The New Empire," by Brook Adams; "Social Democracy and Social Ethics," by Jane Addams; and "Social Legislation and Social Activity," papers read at the sixth annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

A few delightful

Nature Books

have been published during the year, including "September Days on Nantucket," by William Root Bliss; "Among the Waterfowl," by Herbert K. Job; "The Brook Book," by Mary Rogers Miller; "The Deer Family," by President Roosevelt and others; "Nestlings of Forest and Marsh," by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock; and "In God's Out-of-Doors," by our own gifted and versatile Dr. Quayle.

The literature of

Humor

has been cleverly represented by John Kendrick Bangs' "New Munchausen" and "Olympian Nights," the irrepressible "Mr. Dooley's Opinions," and Frederic Lawrence Knowles' anthology, "The Treasury of Humorous Poetry."

Some of the leading

Juveniles

of the year are William D. Howells' "The Flight of Pony Baker"; Robert W. Chambers' "Outdoorland"; Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Champion"; George Cary Eggleston's "The Bale Marked Circle X"; Everett T. Tomlinson's "Under Colonial Colors"; Mary Catherine Lee's "Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift"; George Madden Martin's "Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart"; and Robert Lloyd's "The Treasure of Shag Rock."

The foregoing list of books includes only a part, of course, of the literature of the year that has achieved success and is worthy of praise. But when space is necessarily limited, the reviewer must choose such books as seem by popular verdict—and perhaps, in some cases, by personal judgment—entitled to special mention.

PERSONALS

—Mrs. Harriet E. Raddin, formerly of Lynn, died at her home in Evanston, Ill., Dec. 3. She had been for more than forty-five years a subscriber to ZION'S HERALD.

—Rev. J. P. Ashley, Ph.D., a former president of Albion College, was recently received into the Campbellite Church at Pacific Grove, Cal., and has been ordained over the church at Saratoga, Cal.

—Allen Farm, once the home of Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, will soon be transformed by its present owner, W. J. Van Patten, into a public park and presented to the city of Burlington, Vt.

—Rev. Daniel Evans, pastor of the North Avenue Congregational Church of Cambridge, commenced life as a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. It is a fortunate thing that in America the one thing that confronts every boy at birth is the possibility, if he lives, of making a career.

Circumstances do not always make the man. Often the man outgrows his environment.

—Mrs. Fanny D. B. Chase, who has just died at Hallstead, Pa., is reported to have been the first national president of the W. C. T. U.

—Rev. W. F. McDowell, D. D., secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is to be Harvard University preacher for Easter Sunday, April 12.

—It is said that the choice of a successor to the late Dr. Parker at the City Temple, London, appears to lie between Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, England, and Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago.

—Rev. S. O. Benton, D. D., of the Mission Rooms, is on a two weeks' tour in the South, in which he represents the Missionary Society at the South Carolina, Alabama, Savannah, and Atlanta Conferences.

—Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Peare, of Lisbon Falls, Me., are in deep sorrow through the death of their little son, Wesley A., aged six years. The child, since babyhood, had been a sufferer from paralysis. Further particulars may be found in Presiding Elder Ladd's district notes.

—Hon. John E. Andrus has undertaken to supply every poor family in Yonkers, N. Y., with a Christmas dinner. Mr. Andrus gave dinners last year to every poor family that could be found. All sections of the city will be visited by his special agents in search of the poor and needy.

—Mrs. D. H. Ela celebrated her 70th birthday on Thanksgiving Day. Letters and kindly words from various friends made the day a pleasant one. Rev. A. H. Herrick, pastor in Hudson, says that the presence in the church of Dr. Ela and his wife is a benediction to him and to the charge.

—Rev. C. E. Walters, son of Rev. W. D. Walters, general secretary of the Wesleyan London Missions, is the successor of the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes as superintendent of the West London Mission until Conference meets next July. He is thirty years old, and has been engaged in the work of the West London Mission for over seven years.

—Mr. John G. Schafer, one of the oldest and most steadfast members of People's Temple, this city, passed away last Friday. He had been identified with this enterprise from the beginning, previously being connected with the old Church St. society, and having served in various official positions in all the vicissitudes of the People's Church. He was a righteous and lovable man, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

—As an illustration of the lamented Reed's perennial wit, it is related that not long after taking his seat in Congress in 1876 he was making a little speech, when some member interrupted him with an annoying question. Reed answered him, then in his high nasal tones drawled out: "And now having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my remarks, I will go on again." This shaft of wit hit the bull's-eye, and from that time Tom Reed's name was a familiar one throughout the country.

—Mrs. Margaret A. McCoy, widow of George A. McCoy, died, Dec. 6, at her home in Omaha, Neb. She was fondly called "Grandma" McCoy, and was known as the "Mother of Methodism in the West." She was born at New Lisbon, O., in 1819. She became a zealous worker in the churches of Ohio until she moved to Nebraska in 1856, where she immediately began organizing Methodist Sunday-

schools. These were the first of the denomination to be established west of the Missouri River.

— We are pained to learn that Rev. S. L. Hamilton, of Los Angeles, a correspondent of ZION'S HERALD for many years, died, Nov. 27. He passed away suddenly as the result of a paralytic stroke, leaving a wife, a son, and a daughter. He began to preach in Central Illinois when but nineteen years of age, but failing health so interfered that he only preached during eighteen years of his life. At an early day he went to California, and then returned again to Michigan, and connected himself with the Michigan Conference, of which he was a superannuated member when he died. He had a large acquaintanceship throughout the denomination, and was highly appreciated and greatly loved. He had very much to do with making the excellent arrangements for the International Epworth League Convention, which was held in Los Angeles. His last letter written for the HERALD appeared Nov. 26, the day before he died.

BRIEFLETS

We learn that the official board of St. Mark's Church, Brookline, voted on Sunday to supply all church families unable to procure coal elsewhere, from the church coal bin, at 35 cents per hundred — about half the retail price. As a manifestation of a very practical type of Christianity, the above act is characteristic of that church.

We are gratified to announce that we have secured the manuscript of the address which Sheriff-elect Cummings was to have delivered at the recent Epworth League Congress in this city on "Christian Citizenship," for publication. It will be recalled that serious illness prevented his being present at the Congress. It is a very forceful and pertinent paper, which our readers will greatly enjoy.

Next to a personal visit and study of the splendid work done by the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society is the perusal of *Our City*, the excellent organ of the Society, edited by the superintendent, Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D. The November issue, just at hand, is especially interesting and instructive. It is finely illustrated, showing the splendid work at Morgan Memorial and the Epworth Settlement. Copies will be sent on request to Dr. Mansfield, Room 4, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

That was a very high compliment which the *Boston Transcript*, in a recent editorial upon "The Renaissance of Ethics," pays to Prof. Coe's last volume, "The Religion of a Mature Mind." The *Transcript*, in referring to it, said: "No book recently written in this country, not even Professor James' 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' is more revealing of the changed point of view in matters religious than this book of Professor Coe's. For while, like Professor James' book, the product of a man conversant with modern philosophy and psychology, and also a man deeply religious and ethical by nature, it is more formal and constructive than Professor James' book, and richer in synthetic material; and besides it is the product of a man in good and regular standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church."

It is hoped that the comprehensive presentation of so many new and desirable books in our annual Book Number will prompt many in our homes to purchase some of them. To this end, we are happy to say, both to those who are able to visit our New England Depository at 36 Bromfield St. and to those who are not, that they

will find it to their advantage to purchase of Mr. C. R. Magee, the accommodating manager. Any book noticed in this issue can be obtained on the following terms: To those marked net, 12 cents must be added to pay postage; all other books can be secured at 20 per cent. discount, postage prepaid. Mr. Magee will be happy to answer any inquiries that purchasers may desire to make.

A model church fair paper is found in the historic illustrated edition of the *First Church Herald*, issued last week in connection with "The Festival of the Months," held at First Church, Temple St. On the cover appears a fine view of the church, followed by historic data and pictures — "The Old Elm," "The Circuit Rider," "First Methodist Meeting House in Boston," North Bennet St. Church, North Russell St. Church, Hanover St. Church, and First Church Organ, with fine portraits of the pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. Franklin Hamilton, and members holding official positions. It must be a satisfaction to those who evidently expended so much thought and time on the preparation of this paper that the results are so eminently pleasing.

Where Is Your Thank-offering?

AS the nineteenth century was dying three years ago, our Bishops asked us to recognize God's "abounding graces and mercies" to us as Christians, as Methodists, and as individual souls during the portion of that century in which our lot was cast, and to show our personal gratitude to God in specific and self-denying gifts for the maintenance and spread of the kingdom of Christ, through Christian education and kindred agencies. That the appeal went straight to the heart of Methodism is shown by the fact that the vast sum of \$20,000,000, which the courageous and far sighted leader of the Episcopal Board insisted the Methodist Episcopal Church could and would lay at the feet of her crucified Lord, has been almost realized.

Now, though only a few days of the Thank-offering year remain, the call of the Bishops has lost, in the lapse of the months, none of its original poignancy and urgency. Is that expression, "the amazing mercies of God," used in their call, too emphatic as a description of the personal goodness and mercy of the Lord which have followed you, who are now reading these words, from your birthday in the nineteenth century to your present hour of grace in the twentieth? How can you speak in less emphatic terms of a constant watchful Providence, of recovery from dangerous illness, escape from sudden death, and deliverance from tragic situations worse than death; of God's goodness shown a little child, sister, brother, father, mother, husband or wife, dearer to you than life itself; of immunity from fire, pestilence and financial ruin; or of the wiser goodness which called you to suffer in person or property that your soul might be transformed after the image of Christ; of the new and strange undergirding which came when your favorite son turned his back to go into the ruin and shame of the far country; when the patient savings of years were swept away in one night; when, in the field of Moab, the spirit of Chilion, your husband, took its flight, or the soul of Rachel, your wife, in hard labor on the way to Ephratah, was departing; or in the memorable "tenth hour" in the old century when Jesus said to you, "Thy sins are forgiven thee?"

For such amazing mercies shown to us through Jesus Christ our Saviour, what more reasonable, acceptable and perfect

return can a human soul make than an individual, personal, costly alabaster-box brought secretly, joyously, and with grateful tears to the Lord who died and was buried for us? Let the world call the fruit of your self-denial a waste, the Lord Himself will know how in His condescending grace to carry the influence of your personal self-sacrifice "wherever the Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world."

Reader, where is your thank-offering? Already in the Lord's treasury, we trust, among the earliest tithes which have now grown to twenty millions. Such a prompt and cheerful giver was the late Alden Speare. Three years ago, immediately following the Bishops' call, he privately pledged \$20,000 for Christian educational work through Boston University. He did not know that he was going to die before the Thank-offering period should close, but the present writer heard him refer to his possible death in connection with this gift. He had pondered the certainty that while we can carry no part of the Lord's money out of this world, we can do great things with it before we go.

Is your thank-offering still dormant in its napkin? Drop on your knees now and dedicate it to the Lord's treasury. To some who read these lines a gift as large as Mr. Speare's will not seem too large for Him to whom they owe all; to others, though as poor as the widow in the Temple whom Jesus watched with wondering admiration as she flung into God's treasury the two mites which were "all her living," the joy of giving to Him even to the point of actual need, will prove to be the "joy of the Lord," the exultant happiness which He described when He said: "My joy I give unto you, not as the world giveth."

God forbid that the canvass for our Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching Fund should be thought of as a money-getting or denomination glorifying scheme. Let every individual thank-offering that goes into it be warm with the blood of human hearts and wet with the tears of loving self-sacrifice for Jesus' sake.

A MEMORY GUILD

For Learning Best Hymns

BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

THE first thing that a pious Jewish mother taught her child was the incomparably lofty Shema: "Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one God, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." It was doubtless the first thing that Jesus learned.

One of the most eminent men in Methodism lately repeated to me the hymn taught him by his mother while she was working at her loom.

Hymns are the condensed milk of the Word, the compressed tablets of spiritual nutriment. Learning hymns

Strengthens memory;
Enriches diction;
Enlarges thought;
Gives wings to faith;

And makes the whole life to be pervaded with the divine atmosphere of lofty thought and pure devotion that sings itself through the heart in all after life.

The church above is a singing church; so should be the one below.

It is proposed to form a Memory Guild for learning twenty-five annotated hymns to be published in these columns once in two weeks for the year 1903.

To join the Guild, send a postal card with your name and P.O. address to
H. W. WARREN,
University, Park, Colorado.

A WORKING LIBRARY

OLIVE E. DANA.

It is a comfortable phrase, this—a working library—suggestive of a thousand strenuous delights and of as many golden leisures. And that it has, withal, almost as many possible definitions as there are recognizable variations of capacity and temperament, is proven by the fact that one virile-thoughted minister owns and uses some twenty-five hundred volumes, while another, of rare spiritual

In a far larger sense this is true of histories, which are treasuries of facts so weighty and so significant that they have almost the dignity and the efficiency of truths. Indeed, all nobly-written history is truth, so far as it has been made plain to us in the world's progress and in the lives of men. One needs the fully-outlined accounts, at least, of those nations and civilizations which have made our world what it is to us; and one needs, beside, that which books have not always the power to bestow—the power to see

habitually. Bring your reason and your imagination alike into co-operation with it. It will invigorate all the mind's accumulations; and it will give to the knowledge which you have only in outline, perhaps whose outlines only it is possible for you to possess, a value and significance and vitality which many a seemingly opulent mind might covet, and of which you have not dreamed.

After history, biography; and it is not surprising that the pastor above referred to has among his twenty-five hundred books two hundred of biography—and uses them. Biographies are history in the little, not only, but history personalized and vitalized. It is that to which fiction should naturally lead the young person, and ought to displace a large amount of the fiction now welcomed. There is a unique and lasting charm in the record of actual and heroic lives, and it is a beautiful and an enduring fabric that the memory will be weaving out of them. There are three qualities that determine the value of a biography—its sincerity, its sympathy, its insight. It is the latter quality which, even more than its rare intelligence and comprehensiveness, gives such value and charm to the noble "Life and Letters of Tennyson."

Yet here, also, one must often be content with the outline and the tendency, and must forego, as indeed he well

genius and wide influence, died recently possessed of an estate which could hardly have purchased in its entirety a third of that number. There are minds which forge their own weapons, and there are those that will have the treasures of an armory.

To begin with the plain books, that are not devoid, meanwhile, of either nutriment or suggestion, which, indeed, taken freely and in their own subsidiary relations, supply the mind with a goodly portion of its working power, one must have, first, a modern dictionary as comprehensive in its content and as nearly level with the day's usage as one's purse will allow him. With it should be placed a Latin-English lexicon and dictionaries, too, of the two or three better-known modern languages, and this perhaps the more if one have only the beginnings of an acquaintance with them. Almost as necessary is a good gazetteer or atlas, also of recent date and in usable form. The habit of using it is hardly less to be commended than the dictionary-habit itself. It will save one from many a palpable ignorance, not only, but from that general geographical uncertainty from which many otherwise well-informed people suffer, and will give, moreover, distinctiveness and relation to many a hazy concept. Besides these, a handbook of mythology and a brief history of art will be very useful. Reference books are storehouses of facts, and habitual recourse to them gives the mind the stability, the acumen, the power of generalization and discrimination, which the assimilation of facts, only, can produce.

them as a whole and in their mutual and larger relations. It is to be regretted that so many students, of obvious industry, intelligence and capacity, have not the synthetic faculty. The lack is especially noticeable in their use of the content of history, if, indeed, many of them can be said to use it at all. One may be par-

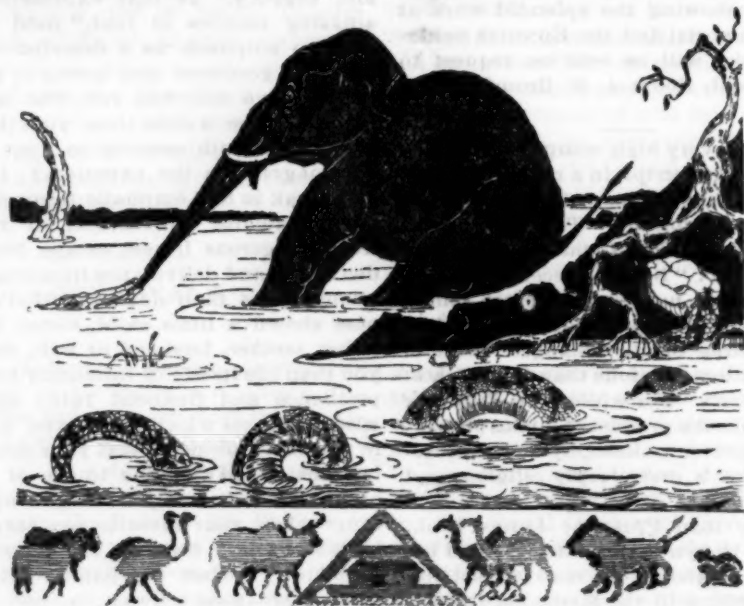
may do, detail and personalia. There are some books which, within the ordinary compass, unfold to us not only the working of a noble mind and the achievement of a royal spirit, but, in the greatness of its influence and endeavor, open to us the time in which it lived. Such a book is Professor Allen's "Life of Jonathan Ed-



THE YOUNG HAENDEL.

Painting by Margaret Dicksee.

From "FAMOUS COMPOSERS." Copyright, 1902, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

From "JUST SO STORIES," by Rudyard Kipling
Copyright, 1902, Doubleday, Page & Co.

doned, therefore, for making the word imperative, and for saying with an emphasis which should be carried into other departments of knowledge, and, indeed, extended through all its breadth and length—Synthesize, perseveringly, intelligently,

wards; "another such is Justin McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone;" and still another Mr. Hamilton W. Mable's "Life of Shakespeare." And the list might be extended indefinitely. And I would not undervalue either such *petit* and retic-

ulated biographies as are contained in the books of Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, unique in interest, comprehensiveness and usefulness, and which contain all that many of us need know concerning many a character and epoch.

Scientific fact, also, in the most substantial and comprehensive form that is open to one, must be gathered into this working library. To forego this is to yield beforehand not only the knowledge of the world in which we live, of which every day's discovery on the part of every

had not inquired. They confirm us in our nature's noblest outreach and desire. They win us to noble rectitudes, and breathe upon us sweet tranquillities unawares. They beget in us the temper of heroism, the mood of surrender, the equipoise of steadfast faith and serene endeavor. They have seen the ways of God, and do disclose them.

Their ministry is not altered, moreover, if we have known only a part of a poet's achievement. The essential import and bestowal of his thought may be ours no

books take hold upon it. Of nobler use and delight are the books of Richardson and Stedman. They establish the canons of criticism at the same time that they quicken the perception with the impulse of occasional contradiction. They should be at hand for frequent and leisurely using, for, like all the more serious books of their kind, they lead the student to, and not away from, the authors they appraise.

Not dissimilar, though larger and finer, is the service of the essayists, a great and growing number. Bacon and Lamb, Carlyle and Emerson, Sill and Mable and Miss Repplier — how many names may be set down between them, each with his (or her) own message and delighting!

It is odd that even the defenders of fiction do not often speak of the service it renders in extending and enlarging, with a facility and rapidity and a permanence of bestowal that no other kind of literature rivals, the reader's knowledge of life in all its environment and condition. Given an absorbing, well-written novel, whose scene is laid in any given country, time or condition — George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward for contemporary England, Maclaren and Barrie for the Scottish country, Tolstol and his compeers for the Russian peasantry, Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, Thomas Nelson Page, Miss Murrefree, Bret Harte and Hamlin Garland for the East and the South and the West of our own land — and fill in, if you can, the margin around and the depths behind with tales not less faithful and fascinating, and you have what the histories could never give you. Moreover, add to this discriminating delineation of many types of character, an understanding in its most probable and most subtle reactions, a sense of the mystery and the wonder and the joy of life in its noblest and most sufficing relations, a loftiness of standard and aspiration and a strength of devotion that themselves demand emotional and artistic expression, fuse them in some transcendent purpose or in the swift and unerring impulse of some large, loving nature, and you have at once the story and the explanation of its possible sway and influence. And you begin to perceive, too, the actual privation of the mind that by its own tendency, or by any formal standard, is denied the free and frequent enjoyment of it.

Last in the naming, but weightiest and most precious in import and content, comes the shelf of what may be called interpretative literature — the books that interpret the one Book. It becomes, to even the unlearned lay-student, the most absorbing of mental intellectual interests; and the dignity and the power, the beauty and the preciousness, of it are constantly growing upon one. In this direction one finds invaluable help in current periodicals; but one must needs have, too, the results of scholarship and research in durable and in usable form. It is happily possible to select some half-dozen volumes that will give one a sufficiently clear understanding of the content and the trend of the Scriptures, and of the principles which obtain in the wisest modern understanding of them. Given Dr. Gladden's "Who Wrote the Bible?" Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," Cornell's "Prophets of Israel,"



"Shall we have one of our old-time horseback rides 'soon' in the morning, Dorothy?"

Frontispiece to "DOROTHY SOUTH"

Copyright, 1902, Lothrop Publishing Company

specialist and thinker is revealing the content, but it means, too, the relinquishment of a realm and an atmosphere which approach at once the noblest truth and the truest poetry. It is a kingdom of which we cannot afford to be ignorant, this of which Darwin and Spencer, Wallace and Proctor, hold the key. It is a far goodlier land, on which we have perpetual and ever-greatening lens, to which Drummond and Le Conte and the later writings of John Fiske have made us free.

Nor, on the other hand, is it an anomaly to include the poets, the greater and the lesser of them, among the occupants of a working library. The poets are the noblest and most compelling interpreters of life and duty and of their essential values and relations. They open to us the very treasures of God, and disclose to us the permanence of that which is often made to seem illusory, the strength of that whose hold we suffer to grow weak upon us, the beauty to which our eyes were holden, the treasure concerning which we

less truly. Who of us turns all the leaves of the Excursion, or knows Burns' every ditty, or follows every paraphrase even of the Brownings, whether it be of the Greek poets or of the tingling line that underscores life's own transcript? And yet the serene insight of the Wordsworthian idyls, the manly fervor and simplicity of the beauty-loving Scottish singer, and the feeling and faith, the aspiration and insight, of these prophet-poets, may quicken us still. Let us let them have their own way with us, yet let us take them at their best, finding in them at once the alternative and the asseveration of that we have discerned.

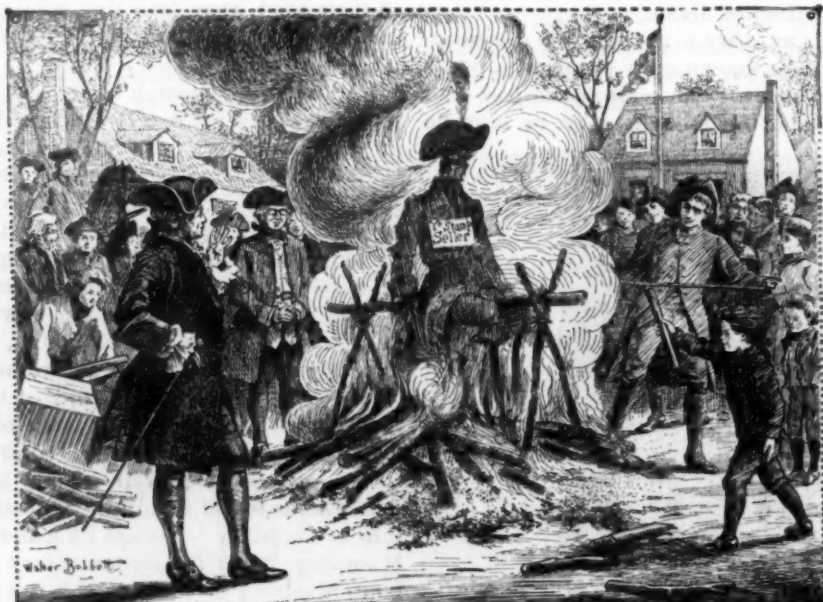
Of books about books we are not likely to have an end, nor are we likely to lose our rightful pleasure in them. Such books as James T. Fields' "Underbrush," Mrs. Fields' "Authors and Friends," the books of Donald G. Mitchell and Arlo Bates, open unnumbered delightful byways, not alone, but distil for us the essential virtue and sweetness of literature itself as their

one or two of the later handbooks on the New Testament, and two or three of the most comprehensive, sympathetic and inspiring lives of the Christ, with some of the works of Geikie and Stanley and Thompson as marginalia for your study, and you have a basis, at least, for intelli-

and literature refuse to surrender their golden secrets to the man who can devote to them only an idle or a weary hour. The best books, furthermore, are, as a rule, the most costly, and most clergymen, in consequence of the extravagant habit of tithing their financial resources,

saw its commencement, but not its completion, he only succeeded in rousing a longing doomed to remain ungratified. The economy and self-denial necessary, under ordinary circumstances, to become the possessor of a book which costs \$24, is considerable; but the joy of having at one's elbow, during the dark and stormy winter nights, whether in town or country, a complete thesaurus of Biblical, theological and archaeological lore, is ample compensation.

"Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible," whose fourth and last volume has just been issued by Scribner's to their 10,000 subscribers, is a treasure of this kind. In its pages is explored the entire field of theological science by men thoroughly at home, each in his own special department. All the leading scholars of Europe and America, with the exception of some of the most radical and advanced exponents of what is known as the Higher Criticism, appear as contributors. Many of the longer articles are complete and exhaustive treatises on the subjects with which they deal. The article, "Jesus Christ," for example, by Dr. Sanday, Lady Margaret professor of divinity of the University of Oxford—perhaps one of the most gifted, scholarly and judicious of modern theologians—would make a volume of three hundred or three hundred and fifty pages. Beginning with a rapid survey of the conditions of the life and work of Jesus—first the external conditions, such as govern-



From "FIRST STEPS IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND." Copyright, 1902, Silver, Burdett & Co.

gent, continuous, habitual and open-minded study of the Bible. So read, indeed, it will be an ever-increasing delight and inspiration.

But you will want, too, for larger informing, and for more adequate understanding, for daily profiting and comforting, such books as Dr. W. N. Clarke's "Manual of Christian Theology," Dr. Gladden's "What is Left of the Old Doctrines?" the books of Dr. George A. Gordon and Dr. Amory H. Bradford, and President Hyde's "God's Education of Man" and "Jesus' Way." And you will want the books which present to you most adequately the progress and unfolding of Christianity in all the Christian centuries.

Augusta, Maine.

SOME RECENT BOOKS WHICH PREACHERS SHOULD READ*

REV. HOSEA HEWITT.

IT is not without some hesitation that I accept the task assigned me. The training, circumstances and needs of preachers are so different, and their intellectual tastes, sympathies, and habits are so widely diversified, that books which are helpful and inspiring to one man may not have an equal value and significance for another. A difficulty challenging one at the outset is the elimination of preferences, growing out of particular studies, and the mention of what would not fail to be, to the fullest extent, serviceable to the average student and preacher of the living Word.

And yet here again a problem of some magnitude interposes. Most of us are men of many cares and responsibilities, with only odds and ends of time and a limited and precarious fund of strength to meet them. And the masterpieces of philosophy, theology, science, criticism

and then giving freely, outside the temple precincts, to almost everything that appeals to their sympathies, are the victims of what may be called chronic impecuniosity. The thirst-tortured crew of



We sang it after him

[From "PENELOPE'S EXPERIENCES IN IRELAND." Copyright, 1902, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the "Ancient Mariner," who saw "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," provoke our pity. The writer of this paper would regret it, in calling attention to what, for Biblical students, teachers and ministers, must eventually rank as the most important work of the century whose closing years

ments, sects and parties; secondly, the internal, such as the state of religious life and thought—the author proceeds to deal with the public ministry of Christ, including the call, training, mission of the Twelve and of the seventy, the differentiation of the preaching of Jesus from that of the Bap-

*Abstract of a paper read at Preachers' Association Lewiston District, Maine.

list, the effect of the display of Messianic marvels and powers and of the self-revelation then involved, first on the populace and then on the Pharisees. After noticing the universal range and simple method of Christ's teaching, Dr. Sanday proceeds to discuss its contents—the Fatherhood of God, the kingdom of God—its name, its meaning, its associations, its nature, how far supernatural, or present or future, inward or outward, national or universal. In dealing with the much-debated subject of miracles, Dr. Sanday carefully considers various critical expedients for eliminating the miraculous element, the evidence for Gospel miracles in general, the quality of the evidence, the historical necessity of miracles, their natural congruity on the one hand, the unexplained element in them on the other. A valuable concluding survey indicates convincingly Christ's place in history, together with an estimate of His Divine Person and work—of His work as a revelation, as redemptive, and in the founding of the Christian Church. The general impression produced on the mind by this article is that of largeness, uniqueness, inexhaustible resources of love, wisdom and power as to its subject, and faith, reverence, knowledge, tireless industry and research on the part of its author.

Another example of masterly treatment of a great subject within restricted limits is Ottley's article on "The Incarnation," in which he insists that the Incarnation properly understood is a key to the structure of the moral and intellectual universe, that the story of the world is summed up in the three sentences: "He is coming; He has come; He will come again." Other discussions of special value are: "The Bible," by Stewart; "The Canon," by Stanton; Kilpatrick on "Conscience"; Warfield on "Faith"; Murray, Driver and White on various aspects of "The Atonement"; Salmoud on "Eschatology"; Bartlett on "Regeneration"; Selbie on the "Resurrection"; Headlam on "The Acts of the Apostles"; Reynolds on the "Gospel of John"; Robertson on the "Epistles to the Corinthians and Romans"; Porter on "The Book of Revelation"; Swete on "The Holy Spirit"; Crum on "Egypt"; Hommel on "Babylonia and Assyria"; Conder on "Jerusalem"; George Adam Smith on "Isaiah"; and Wood on the "Hexateuch." Than the last-mentioned article, which occupies twelve double-columned closely-printed pages, the writer of this paper knows of nothing which gives a clearer and more comprehensive idea, within reasonable space, of what is meant by the phrase "Higher Criticism." Discussing the method of composition of the Hexateuch the writer notices three main theories: 1. That of *conglomeration* or *crystallization*, which implies that a

number of fragments transmitted either in writing or by oral tradition were collected together so as to form a literary whole. 2. The theory of *expansion*, which supposes that a small original document or a very definite oral tradition grew by frequent revisions at more or less remote periods into the present narrative. 3. The method of *stratification*, which implies that certain more or less independent doc-



From "THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO"
Copyright, 1902, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

uments, concerned largely with the same or similar events, were composed at different periods or under different auspices and were afterwards blended, so that our present first six books of the Bible contain these several different literary strata. These theories cannot be discussed here. It is only needful to say that though the best scholarship of this and earlier generations has been devoted without stint or



DODD, MEAD & Co.

interruption to this problem, there still remains a multitude of difficulties to be obviated before it can hope for general acceptance.

Conforming to the same high standard of scholarly accuracy and literary excellence is Rogers' "History of Babylonia

and Assyria"—a work involving years of labor and travel and much costly original investigation and decipherment of the cuneiform script. The Methodist Book Concern has not had the opportunity of publishing so splendid a work for years. It is a book which stands alone in its own peculiar field and is well worth a careful and discriminating perusal.

The space allotted to this article will not permit the writer to say more than that he has found a perusal of the fifth edition of Prof. Seth's "Ethical Principles" very suggestive, and Inge's "Christian Mysticism" exceedingly stimulating to the spiritual life, which, after all, must remain the one supreme insistence of every preacher of the Word.

A distinguished professor in one of our most famous theological seminaries said to the writer last summer: "We have no theology today." "Today," said a recent lecturer on the Lyman Beecher Foundation at Yale Divinity School, "traditional theology has passed away, like the ice-fields of the north. From conservative Scotland a great body of obsolete theology has floated away silently. Arminianism is wasted to a shadow. There never was so much religion as today, but there is only the promise of an adequate theology. These are the hardest times for the conscientious, educated minister."

It may be so. But if, as Neander was fond of remarking, "The heart makes the theologian," then so long as the heart is kept warm with spiritual life and energy, it will supply the reason with all the elements of a firmly articulated and irresistibly potent system of theology.

Intervale, N. H.

JESSE LEE "MOVES ON" TO LYNN

REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

WHAT was a bitter Sunday night, Dec. 14, 1790, when Jesse Lee, with his two horses, went out of cold, classic Boston to the colder coast road which led to Lynn. But he knew where he was going, and had an invitation in his pocket, which was more than he had when he entered Boston. Bishop Asbury, the next year (1791), describes Lynn as "the perfection of beauty. It is seated on a plain, under a range of craggy hills, and open to the sea." He also says of the people: "There is here a promising society, an exceedingly well-behaved congregation. These things, doubtless, made all pleasing to me." This was written about a year after the arrival of Lee on that memorable Sunday night. His host, Benjamin Johnson, lived on the corner of Market and Essex Streets. On the site of his house now stands the Exchange Building. A picture of his home, the cradle of New England Methodism, is before us as we write. It stands, as Jesse Lee did, "foursquare to the winds of heaven." It was too late for a service that Sunday night. A tradition says that Mr. Johnson fetched him from Boston in his sulky. Be this as it may, though a rough, stormy night, he reached there just the same; and, doubtless, after family prayers retired for the night.

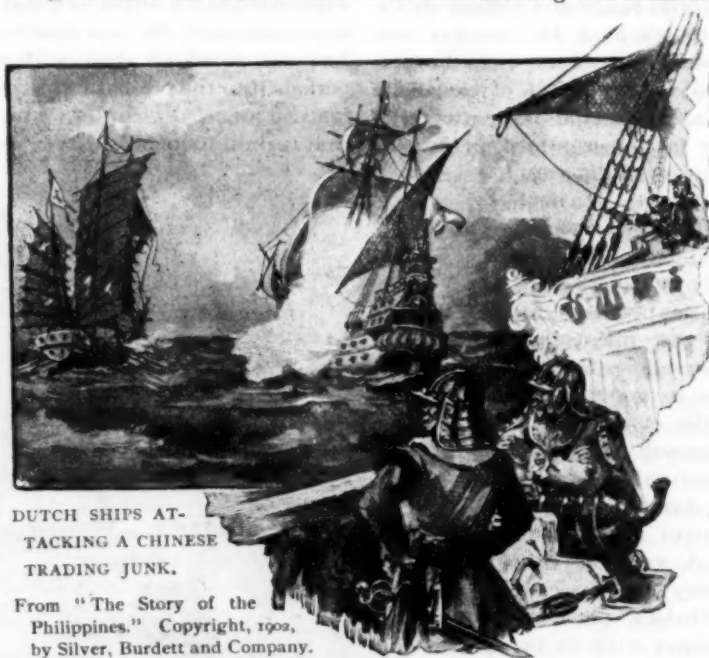
Rising bright and early, he might have been seen upon the street next morning,

Who ever saw a portrait of this hero? If any one knows of one that can be had, he shall be rewarded. The next best thing is a pen-portrait of him, as given by several who knew him, a composite of artists, but not of subjects. Look at him again: "He was a goodly figure, that strong, sturdy man of bluff, hearty, genial face." "His skin was fair, his eyes gray, and his face full and broad" — and, doubtless, close shaven, as preachers were in those days. "He was about thirty-two years of age, but wore the sober, antique garb of a Methodist preacher. He was of enormous stature, and weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds." Says Dan Young, late of New Hampshire: "I was standing in my father's door one day, when about fifteen years of age, and saw a robust-looking man riding a horse, with another following behind. That person was Jesse Lee, and, being a heavy man, and his rides long, it was necessary that he should have two horses to perform the labor of carrying him." Thank you, noted Dan Young, for this word-picture! Now let some Methodist artist put it on canvas for us — only be sure and set him astride of only *one* horse. Preachers then were not in the habit of experimenting on two at a time. That is supposed to be modern equestrianism. But that saucy jade, Dame Rumor, says that even good Jesse took a few lessons on the double steed, just about the time when he failed, by one vote, of reaching the episcopacy, to which As-

are certain, and his portly frame astride of only *one* beast!

Who was this Benjamin Johnson, to whom New England owes so much for his introducing Methodism here? He

the Lord, O my soul, for bringing me to this people!" The house soon became too strait, and they adjourned to the barn in Essex Street. On Feb. 20, 1791, the first class-meeting was formed. Its eight



DUTCH SHIPS ATTACKING A CHINESE TRADING JUNK.

From "The Story of the Philippines." Copyright, 1902, by Silver, Burdett and Company.

was a shoe manufacturer in Lynn, who owned three coasters, which he loaded with shoes and took to points on the eastern coast and sold. He would be away from Lynn four or even six months at a time. It was on one of such trips that he met Jesse Lee in the South, and tasted the good Methodism which he desired to share with his Northern neighbors. It seems to have agreed with the Johnson family, for not only was Benjamin the chief donor towards the first church, but his son, Legare Johnson, was a leader in the erection of the second church building on the same site. Benjamin Burchstead Johnson, of the third generation, also contributed, before he went over to help on South Street Church. His son, Edward H. Johnson, of the fourth generation, had much to do with the present beautiful First Church. He bought the old Lynn Common building, and changed it to "Lee Hall," as it is today. There was perhaps a time in our political history when it was thought that there was "too much Johnson," but never such a time in the history of Methodism in Lynn and New England. May their tribe yet increase!

The next night after his arrival, Monday, Dec. 15, 1790, Lee preached the first Methodist sermon in Lynn, in the home of his host. "A large number of people then heard him preach from, 'God sent not His

son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world, through Him, might be saved.'" He had so good a time that, in retiring, he said: "Bless

members were his host and hostess, Enoch Mudge (honored name!) and wife, and four women. This was the first Methodist society in New England. One week later, twenty were added. By May 9 it had fifty-eight members. On that same date seventy men took certificate, which read like this one:

This may certify that Moses Goodrich of Lynn attends public worship with the Methodists in Lynn, and freely contributes to the support of their ministry.

Signed, in behalf of the society,
JESSE LEE, Elder.

This meant that the first Methodist church in New England was soon to rise in Lynn. It was built so as to be occupied in twelve — or at most fourteen — short days, and was dedicated, June 16, 1791. This was just like the Lynners. We know them, having spent three happy, hustling years as pastor of the oldest and largest daughter of this dear old Lynn and New England Methodist mother, St. Paul's Church, first known as the old "Wood End Church."

Where was Boston all this time? Behind in the Methodist race, for her first society was not organized until July 13, 1792, and the cornerstone of her first chapel, which was in Methodist Alley, now Hanover Alley, was not laid until Aug. 28, 1795. After many hard struggles it was dedicated May 15, 1796. The first Conference in New England was held in Lynn, Aug. 3, 1792. Seventeen Annual Conferences have been held in Lynn, and, excepting that of 1873 held in St. Paul's, all were held in the First Church.

Mr. Johnson's house, on the corner of Market and Essex Streets, was demolished in the spring of 1847. The first chapel, into which they moved from the barn adjoining this house, was succeeded by the "Lynn Common Church," now "Lee Hall." It was abandoned for the present First Church, Lynn, which was dedicated in February, 1879, and is an honor to the city, the proud old mother of nine, in the "City of Shoes." Jesse Lee



"Mine arms are mine ornaments."
From "THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE"
Copyright, 1902, E. P. Dutton & Co.

bury himself wanted him. However, Mr. Artist, when you paint him, please leave out this wart, and give us his "fair skin" and his "gray eyes" of which we

and his host are fittingly commemorated by tablets in the church, which read :

1758 In Memoriam. 1816
REV. JESSE LEE.
He was the first Methodist
preacher who visited Lynn,
and here he organized the
First Methodist Episcopal Church
in Massachusetts,
Feb. 20, 1791.
—
This tablet is erected in
grateful remembrance of him by
this church upon the one hundredth
anniversary of its organization,
Feb. 20, 1891.

The following is the inscription on the Johnson tablet :

1745 In Memoriam. 1810
BENJAMIN JOHNSON.
By his invitation
Jesse Lee came to Lynn
and first preached in his house
Dec. 14, 1799,
and there organized this church,
Feb. 20, 1791.
—
This tablet is erected
in grateful remembrance of
him by this church upon its
100th anniversary,
Feb. 20, 1891.

The tablets are cut from fine Carrara marble. The inscriptions are in plain Gothic letters, gilded, and cut with perfect alignment, and artistically arranged.

In less than one week after his first sermon in Lynn Jesse Lee found an opening for a second preaching place. It was at Mr. Lye's, on the corner of Essex and Fayette Streets at "Wood End," now called East Lynn. In 1811 the Wood Enders, who were still connected with the First Church, thought they would have a building of their own. It was dedicated Nov. 27, 1811. This building could boast, if so disposed — but Lynners are modest, you know — of having the first Methodist steeple in Massachusetts. The towering steeple of its successor, St. Paul's Church, with its clock, which gives time to all East Lynn, still upholds the dignity of Methodism in that part of the city. Why not call it "Lee Tower," in memory of Jesse's first sermon preached near there, during the first week of Methodism in the city?

How much we would like to tell you about the first Conference in New England, if it wasn't for *that editor* and his "space." It was held in Lynn chapel, and began Aug. 3, 1792, though it was appointed for Aug. 1. How glad Asbury and they all felt to have a chapel of their own to meet in! Asbury writes that they had "the outside of a house completed." The venerable Asbury is surrounded in the altar by eight itinerants. Close to him sat Pioneer Jesse Lee. Near him was Hope Hull, "the Summerfield of New England," "attractive with the beauty of talent and holiness." Menzies Raynor, from the Hartford Circuit, was there. Close to him was John Allen — not Camp-meeting John Allen, but the Boarnerges from Needham Circuit. We are not sure that Jeremiah Cosden and Lemuel Smith were there. The Conference began on Friday and closed with a red-hot revival meeting on Sunday evening. The Bishop preached in the forenoon, and Salem Allen in the afternoon.

Eighteen preachers were stationed at this Conference. Among them were: Jesse Lee, Elder; Lynn, Menzies Raynor; Boston, Jeremiah Cosden; Needham, John Allen. We would like to have seen those eighteen set out from Lynn on that Monday morning for their fields. We would especially like to have been Jesse Lee's traveling companion, later, when he set out to open new fields in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, but were not then able to "move on" with him.

Southbridge, Mass.

Strange People of Erromanga

CROWDS of heathen came about us. That seemed to be the great feasting time, and it was a daily occurrence to see them passing on their way to the *bignisekar* or "feasts." The men, hideous in paint, had absolutely no clothing, but the women — ther, as they have always been on this island — were well dressed. Indeed, we think the Erromangan heathen woman's attire most picturesque, with her long skirts of gaily tinted materials and sweeping train, sometimes eight or nine feet long. A piece

carrying the great *navilah*, or "sacred stones," in the rear. When fording the river this order was reversed, the men taking the lead, holding their clubs, bows and arrows high above the water, the great throng of women and girls following more slowly with their heavier burdens. Even the tiny girls of eight and nine years wore the sweeping skirts — the badge of the married or betrothed women; poor little things! scarcely out of their babyhood, the wives of old wretches who might have been their grandfathers. I remember being struck, on my first visit to Erromanga, with the peculiar appearance of the natives, their dark, receding eyes, projecting foreheads, and strange, sullen countenances, and I noticed the same thing now. We scarcely ever saw a heathen smile, and rarely would one speak to us. One seldom saw a really good face among them; the men that passed us then on their feasting jaunts seemed a bad, treacherous lot. But in justice I ought to say that some of the heathen living near us were kind and peaceably inclined. Old Numpurom, the brother of Auwi-auwi, Williams' murderer, and a few others were always friendly.

Sometimes a party would honor the mission-house with a call; and what impu-



"AND AT THE POND THE POSTMAN FOUND THEM BOTH."

From "JACKANAPES." Copyright, 1902, Dana Estes & Co.

of native cloth, patterned and colored, is brought over one shoulder and across under the other arm and tied in a knot at the back. No head-dress is worn, but often a string of beads is wound round the neck. A tall and good-looking woman in this costume looks truly regal. In those days their faces were tattooed and always painted, the cheeks black, the nose and sometimes the forehead a startling red. With their children strapped on their backs and great bundles of sticks on their heads, they were generally in front on the march; the men,

deut callers they were! They would sit on the chairs, sit on the table, sit on the beds; and we had to put up with it all. They would examine and actually *smell* everything in the house. When a crowd of them, with their unwashed bodies and painted faces, crammed themselves into the rooms, by the time they had got fairly through them, we could scarcely stay in the house for the odor. The men all carried axes, and we could raise no objection. Some of them used to be really interested, others rushed through like great bullocks, seeing nothing and only going because others were going. — From *THE MARTYR ISLE: ERROMANGA*, by Rev. H. A. Robertson (A. C. Armstrong & Son).

THE FAMILY

Deacon Hopeful's Idee

Dear friends, when I am dead an' gone,
Don't have no woful takin's on;
Don't act so tarnally bereft
As if there wa'n't no sunshine left.
Don't multiply yer stock o' woes
By sorry looks an' gloomy clo'es,
An' make the trouble ten times worse
By allers tollerin' a hearse.

When I depart, it's my idee
The most consolin' thing to me
Would be to hear the ones I tried
To comfort here afore I died
Say, sort o' smilin' through their tears,
"Well, anyhow, fer years an' years
We had him here, so let's be glad
An' thankful fer the joy we've had."

It ain't no use to make a fuss
When death comes after one of us;
The ways o' Providence, I 'low,
Are as they should be, anyhow.
Things suit me purty middlin' well,
An' even at a funeral
I'd sing, amid the grief an' woe,
"Praise God from whom all blessin's
flow."

— FROM *IN MERRY MOOD*, by Nixon Waterman (Forbes & Company).

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

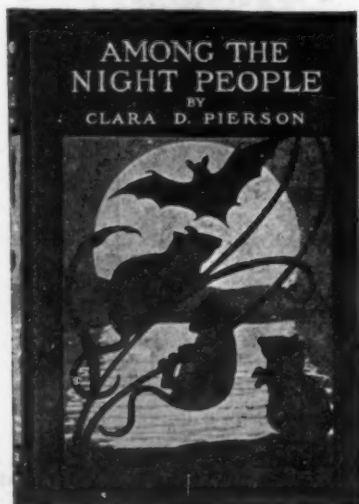
Selected from Latest Books

Irradiated Faces

Fra Angelico's saints may seem rather monotonously sentimental, but, in one respect, they are true to experience — they all have radiant faces. Those whose spirits are lofty and pure always irradiate light, if I may so speak, even from the words they utter. — FROM *MESSAGES OF THE MASTERS*, by Amory H. Bradford (T. Y. Crowell & Co.).

The Silent Architect

The beginning of a Christian life is like crossing the tropics. You cannot mark the instant. The process is like the drawing of the magnet. All the subsequent life of a Christian is under the same gentle influence. The symbol of the Spirit is a brooding dove. Our gracious God would build up our souls into temples fit for His



E. P. DUTTON & Co.

indwelling, but He would build without the sound of hammer or ax. — FROM *A QUIVER OF ARROWS*, by David James Burrell, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company).

God's Surprises

Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delights to isolate us every

day, and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness He draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky. "You will not remember," He seems to say, and "you will not expect." — FROM *THOUGHTS FROM EMERSON*, com-

a friend. He turned it over in his hands, and said, by-and-by: "See what a beautiful bit of oak this is. Note the fineness of its grain. This wood will take a higher polish than a piece of ordinary oak. Can you guess why this is so?" he asked.

His companion could not answer.

"Well, it is because the tree from which



From "AVERY"

Copyright, 1902, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

piled by Ann Bachelor (James H. Earle & Co.).

The Present Blessing

In daily life the best things lie near, within reach, although we may often be unconscious of it. The things a long way off or inaccessible are the things that we can chiefly do without. This is specially true of what is best of all — spiritual treasures and balm. The peasantry are fond of arguing that we never need have recourse to foreign drugs, for they say that God has planted in each locality — on mountain-side, by stagnant mere, by flowing river, or in marshy plain — the very plants which can heal and cure the diseases of that special locality. "Why," say they, "did God put such and such a plant that heals sore throats by the riverside? Simply because in that place sore throats will be; and where the bane is, the antidote is." Let this be as it may, it is well to know that close by the direst bane of all is the most availing antidote, the plant of renown, the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. — FROM *THE BANE AND THE ANTIDOTE*, by Rev. W. L. Watkinson (Fleming H. Revell Company).

A Buffeted Life

One tells of seeing a builder idly picking up a piece of wood as he stood talking with

it came had to endure a great deal of buffeting. It did not grow in a forest, sheltered by other trees. It stood apart in some field alone, and the wood gets its delicate grain from the battle with the elements which it had to wage through all its history. It was beaten on every side, and it was this experience of hardness which has given to this piece of wood such exquisite quality of fibre."

What is true of trees is true of men — they grow best, into the finest character, the manliest strength, and the noblest influence, in a life of struggle, toil, and self-denial. Hardness to be endured is a gracious opportunity for splendid results in character. The easy life may seem more pleasant today, but it does not fit us for masterful and victorious life tomorrow. — FROM *TODAY AND TOMORROW*, by J. R. Miller, D. D. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.).

The Balsam Vale

It is no light thing — the pilgrim way. It leads across ground that is scorched by the cruel sun; there alone can the baccor balsam tree grow. Yes, the pilgrim way lies through the balsam vale, whose other name is the vale of tears. But in the end they are to look upon the face of their own great God; and they would surely reckon that all the sufferings and perils of the way were not worthy to be compared

with the glory that should crown it. And if our worship brings us less of joy than theirs, it may be because it has cost us less of pain. There is no ringing shout, because there has been no balsam vale. . . . Every week is as a pilgrimage through the balsam vale; and as we emerge and behold the holy day and the holy city, well may we send up a ringing shout of joy. But is all life, too, not just such a pilgrimage? On we go, from weakness to weakness, or from strength to strength, according as we care little or much for the heavenly Jerusalem. But whether in weakness or in strength, it is often through a valley of tears. The deepest hearts have not felt like singing all the time. — FROM *IN THE HOUR OF SILENCE*, by John Edgar McFadyen (Fleming H. Revell Company).

BRIGHT BITS FROM BEST BOOKS

Mrs. Wiggs' Sunday-School

BY two o'clock the Sunday-school had begun; every seat in the kitchen, available and otherwise, was occupied. The boys sat in the windows and on the table, and the girls squeezed together on the improvised benches. Mrs. Wiggs stood before them with a dilapidated hymn-book in her hand.

"Now, you must all hush talkin', so we kin all sing a hymn. I'll read it over, then we'll all sing it together:

"When upon life's billers you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged thinkin' all is lost,
Count yer many blessin's, name 'em one by one,
An' it will surprise you what the Lord hath done!"

Clear and strong rose the childish voices in different keys and regardless of time, but with a genuine enthusiasm that was in itself a blessing. When they had sung through the three stanzas Mrs. Wiggs began the lesson.

"What did we study 'bout last Sunday?" she asked.

No response, save a smothered giggle from two of the little girls.

sacred history, she was hit in the eye with a paper wad. It was aimed at Billy, but when he dodged she became the victim. This caused some delay, for she had to bathe the injured member, and during the interval the Sunday-school became riotous.

"Mith Wiggs, make Tommy thop thpittin' terbaccer juice in my hat."

"Miss Wiggs, I know who hit you."

"Teacher, kin I git a drink?"

It was not until Mrs. Wiggs, with a stocking tied over her eye, emerged from the bedroom and again took command that order was restored.

"Where is Bethlehem?" she began, reading from an old lesson paper.

"You kin search me," promptly answered Chris.

She ignored his remark, and passed to the next, who said, half-doubtfully:

"Ain't it in Alabama?"

"No, it's in the Holy Land," she said.

A sudden commotion arose in the back of the room. Billy, by a series of skillful manœuvres, had succeeded in removing the chair that held one of the planks, and a cascade of small, indignant girls were tobogganning sidewise down the incline. A fight was imminent, but before any further trouble occurred Mrs. Wiggs locked Billy in the bedroom, and became mistress of the situation.

"What I think you childern need is a talk about fussin' and fightin'. There ain't no use in me teachin' what they done a thousand years ago, when you ain't got manners 'nough to listen at what I am sayin'. I recollect one time durin' the war, when the soldiers was layin' round the camp, tryin' their best to keep from freezin' to death, a preacher come 'long to hold a service. An' when he got up to preach he sez, 'Friends,' sez he, 'my tex' is Chills. They ain't no use a-preachin' religion to men whose whole thought is set on their feet. Now, you fellows git some soft-soap an' pour it in yer shoes, an' jes' keep them shoes on till yer feet gits well, an' the next time I come 'round yer minds 'll be better prepared to receive the word of the Lord.' Now, that's the way I feel 'bout this here Sunday-school. First an' foremost, I am goin' to learn you all manners. Jes' one thought I want you to take away, an' that is, it's sinful to fuss. Ma use' to

say livin' was like quiltin' — you orter keep the peace an' do 'way with the scraps. Now, what do I want you all to remember?"

"Don't fuss!" came the prompt answer.

"That's right; now we'll sing 'Pull ter



From "LITTLE WOMEN"
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the shore."

When the windows had ceased to rattle from the vibrations of the lusty chorus, Mrs. Wiggs lifted her hands for silence.

"O Lord!" she prayed earnestly, "help these here children to be good an' kind to each other, an' to their mas an' their pas. Make 'em thankful fer whatever they've got, even if it ain't but a little. Show us all how to live like you want us to live, an' praise God from whom all blessin's flow. Amen." — FROM *MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH*, by Alice Caldwell Hegan (Century Company).

A "Sing'lar Man"

"**I**THURIEL BUTTERS is a sing'lar man!" Dixela went on, investigating with exquisite nicety the corner of a pane. "He gave me a turn just now, he did so."

She waited a moment, but no sign coming, continued: "I was to Miss Phoebe 'n' Vesty's when he druv up, and we passed the time o' day. I said, 'How's Mis' Butters now, Ithuriel?' I said, I knew she'd been re'll poorly a spell back, but I hadn't heard for a considerable time.

"'I ain't no notion!' says he.

"'What do you mean, Ithuriel Butters?' I says.

"'Just what I say,' says he.

"'Why, where is she?' I says. I thought she might be visitin', you know. She has consid'able kin round here.

"'I ain't no idee,' says he. 'I lett her in the buryin'-ground, that's all I know.'

"Mis' Tree, that woman has been dead a month, and I never knew the first word about it! They're all sing'lar people, them Butterses. She was a proper nice woman, though, this Mis' Butters. He had hopes of Di-plomy one spell, after his last died — she was a reg'lar fire-skull; he didn't have much peace while she lived — died in a tantrum too, they say; scolt so hard sh



From "Napoleon Jackson:
the Gentleman of the Plush
Rocker"
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"Don't you all remember what the Lord give Moses up on the mountain?"

A hand went up in the corner, and an eager voice cried:

"Yas'm, I know! Lord give Moses ten tallers, an' he duveled 'em."

Before Mrs. Wiggs could enter into an argument concerning this new version of

keep them shoes on till yer feet gits well, an' the next time I come 'round yer minds 'll be better prepared to receive the word of the Lord.' Now, that's the way I feel 'bout this here Sunday-school. First an' foremost, I am goin' to learn you all manners. Jes' one thought I want you to take away, an' that is, it's sinful to fuss. Ma use' to

bust a vessel, and it run all through her, and car'd her off — but Di-plomy couldn't seem to change her state, no more'n Miss Phoebe 'n' Vesty.

"My sakes! if there ain't Miss Vesty comin' now. I'll hasten and put away these things, Mis' Tree, and be back to let her in." — From *MRS. TREE*, by Laura E. Richards (Dana Estes & Company).



From "HOW TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS"
Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In St. Pierre after the Eruption

I HAVE never experienced anything more trying to the nerves than this prowling through silent, empty houses, expecting every moment to come in the semi-darkness upon the ghastly, ash-plastered bodies of dead men and women. If they had looked like other corpses they would not have made such an impression on my imagination; but in these gray, dust-covered figures there were suggestions of some mysterious, frightful end worse than death by sickness, by accident, or even by murder. In the lower story of one house where we had not yet found any dead, Mr. Clerc stopped suddenly, listening with strained attention for an instant, and then cried in a hoarse whisper, "Hark! what's that? There is somebody walking overhead!" A cold, creeping sensation seemed to go down my spine as imagination suggested to me the picture of one of those gray figures, with swollen, blackened face and ash-plastered



From "A CAPTURED SANTA CLAUS"
Copyright, 1902, Charles Scribner's Sons.

eye-sockets, feeling its way slowly down stairs. It was impossible, and I knew that it was impossible, but the very idea seemed to chill my blood. — From *THE TRAGEDY OF PELEE*, by George Kennan (The Outlook Company).

The Real Knight

I KNOW that once I swore I would love only a big man, "a mightye man of valor," like Guy of Warwick, one strong to defend and sturdy to lean upon, and now I love only the weakest of men, the frailest, the neediest of care and devotion and love's patience. I know that the knight of my childish dreams was attired like a combination of circus-rider and Shakespearian Benedick, in pale-blue silk doublet and hose, and cloak of pale-blue velvet, with a blue-feathered cap on his golden curls and a deliciously clanking sword by his side — and that my knight today is not even "well groomed," just a most wraith-like, stooping figure, in the most ill-fitting of baggy clothes. . . .

I remember that I stipulated with myself that "he" should be of a joy-loving temperament, kin to mine — and lo! he is a son of the Puritans, mistrusting gladness, always, as ominous; and fearful of happiness lest it stand for the absence of sensitiveness, the arrest of development. I hoped that he would be a gallant man, a cavalier, if not a chevalier; I had a beautiful theory that Love was, very properly, dependent on the sweet and gracious little expressions which, all told, go to make up chivalry. Alas, my poor "knight!" He has a fatality for doing the wrong thing. Instead of making my heart flutter hourly with some exquisite courtesy, he twangs the poor, taut chords thereof, hourly, in sharp discord, and hourly I have to summon all my love to forgive him. I used to dream my knight would bring me flowers — violets, and now and then a great red rose or a handful of hyacinths — but he has never given me so much as a pansy "for thoughts," or a four-leaved clover to put between the pages of my book "for luck." I used to hope that he would come for me in a fine coach, with prancing, dashing horses, and take me to festivities, all in a flutter of excitement, but when he comes he gets wearily off a jangling cable car, and instead of whisking me off to ball or theatre, he puts his head down on my shoulder and says, "I am so tired." I used to think in all my moments of anguish, that some day I should have a broad bosom to creep to and there weep out all my heart's bitterness, but it is never so with me; if I am sad, he is always sadder and must needs be comforted. . . .

And my house of dreams today? It hasn't a detail, in my mind, of location, or size, or trappings, so only you are in it! And Sorrow is in it, I know; not "after many years," either, but from the first, even as a household saint. And if there is a parlor it shall be furnished with Forbearance, for there we shall see the "polite" world, which, whether one be glad or sad, is so alien that it is accepted at all it can only be with forbearance. And the dining-room shall be furnished with Cheer, for there we shall gather, now and then, the chosen few we really love, and set before them our best refreshment of body and spirit, that they may fare forward the stronger therefor. And if there is a little "den," it shall be "done" in Congeniality, for it will be mine and yours, your

pipes and my embroidery lying down together in peace and harmony, like the lion and the lamb in the Apocalypse. And there shall be a large, upper chamber, with "windows opening toward Jerusalem," and it shall be made beautiful with Love, for there, when all things and all men shall have tried us, and we are sore beset and weary, we shall come together — all the



From "The Old Country House."—Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers.

world outside — and whether our hearts be sad or lightsome, whether the world vex us or we vex one another, we shall stand face to face, in the quiet, in the quiet, and look into each other's eyes, and laugh, and sob, and say, "Yet Love remaineth! Yet Love remaineth!"

Even so, my house of dreams! — From *THE EVOLUTION OF A GIRL'S IDEAL*, by Clara E. Laughlin (Fleming H. Revell Co.).

The Woman's Great Hour

THERE came a night when the husband was alone in that street waiting. He can do nothing for you now, little nursery governess; you must fight it out by yourself; when there are great things to do in the house the man must leave. O man, selfish, indelicate, coarse-grained at the best, thy woman's hour has come; get thee gone!

He slouches from the house, always her true lover I do believe, chivalrous, brave, a boy until tonight; but was he ever unkind to her? It is the unpardonable sin now; is there the memory of an unkindness to stalk the street with him tonight? And if not an unkindness, still might he not sometimes have been a little kinder?

Shall we make a new rule of life from tonight — always to try to be a little kinder than is necessary?

Poor youth, she would come to the window if she were able, I am sure, to sign that the little one unkindness is long forgotten, to send you a reassuring smile to keep till you and she meet again; and, if you are not to meet again, still to send you a reassuring, trembling smile.

Ah, no, that was for yesterday; it is too late now. He wanders the streets thinking

of her tonight, but she has forgotten him. In her great hour the man is nothing to the woman; their love is trivial now. . . .

I am trying to conceive what were the thoughts of the young husband on the



From "A DORNFIELD SUMMER"

Copyright, 1902, Little, Brown & Co.

other side of the street. "If the barrier is to be crossed tonight may I not go with her? She is not so brave as you think her. When she talked so gayly a few hours ago, O my God, did she deceive even you?"

Poor boy, his wife has quite forgotten him and his trumpery love. If she lives she will come back to him, but if she dies she will die triumphant and serene. Life and death, the child and the mother, are ever meeting as the one draws into the harbor and the other sets sail. They exchange a bright "All's well" and pass on. —From *THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD*, by J. M. Barrie (Charles Scribner's Sons).

"Happiness, with Roots"

ROBERT had gone. Dana's eyes had their varnished look—but ah, so much less of it, and softer; it is no longer painful. I went to him, and he clung to my hand a little. Then I sat down and began to mend a tear in the flounce of Dombey's second wife; and while I was sewing quietly, suddenly the long-silent power of his hand upon the piano keys smote every nerve in my body. Then his shaken voice uprose:

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home keeping hearts are happiest.
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care—
To stay at home is best."

Then his hand fell with a crash upon the ivory. I ran, and held his face against my breast, and bowed my own upon his hair, and said to him—I don't know what; and I kissed him in a way he used to like. Then he whirled upon the piano-stool, and caught me and crushed me to his heart.

"You're the sweetest woman in the world!" he said. "I never did deserve you, Marna. And now"—
Then I said:

terrible suffering, as some have. I thought I could stop any time. But, before God, Marna, nobody knows! Nobody can."

"My poor boy!" I sobbed. "My poor, poor boy!"

I do not cry in these days—never for Dana to see me; I think this was the first time; and I was ashamed and terrified at



MRS. E. NESBIT BRAND AND HER DAUGHTER

Author of "The Red House"

what I had done. But it did not seem to harm him any; I think it even did him good. He looked at me with such a look as I would have died for joy to see upon his face once, in that time before he went away.

"If it hadn't been for you, my girl"—he faltered. He whirled, and struck the piano with a few resounding chords. "When I get well, Marna, I will make it up to you," he said. He played and sang no more; but we passed a gentle evening, and he went quietly to bed.

I don't think I ever knew real live happiness before—not growing happiness, with roots. "The madness has gone, but the dearthness remains."—From *CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE*, by Mary Adams (Century Company).

Taking Care of Mother

"YOU must always take care of Mother like that," he said, "and never let any one hurt her, or bother her, when Father's away."

"Mother's little knight," she said, kissing your brow. And ever afterwards she was safe when you were near.

"Oh, that Mrs. Waddles! I wish she wouldn't bother me!"

Under her breath Mother said it, but you heard, and you hated Mrs. Waddles with all your soul, and her day of reckoning came. Mother was in the garden and did not hear. You answered the knock yourself.

"Little darling, how"—

"You can't see my mother today," you said, stiffly.

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Waddles, with a forward step.

"No," you said, a little louder, throwing yourself into the breach and holding the door-knob with all your might. "No! You mustn't come in!"

"You impertinent little child!" cried Mrs. Waddles, threateningly, but you faced her down, raising your voice again:

"You can't see my mother any more," you repeated, firmly.

"And why not, I'd like to know?" demanded the old lady, swelling visibly.



From "CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE"

Copyright, 1902, Century Company

Plain questions tonight. "Why should it all fall on her? What is the man that he should be flung out into the street in this terrible hour? You have not been fair to the man."

"I always loved you, Dana; but now I honor you. It is a manly fight, and you battle like a man."

"It wasn't a manly fall," he quivered pitifully. "I hadn't any good excuse—no

bly. "Why not, I'd like to know?"
 "'Cause I'm to take care of my mother when my father's away, and he said not to let anybody bother her that she don't want to see."

It was a long explanation and took all your breath.

"Oh, is that it?" cackled Mrs. Waddles, with withering scorn. "And how do you know that your mother doesn't want to see me — hey?"

"'Cause — she — said — so!"

You separated your words like the A B C book, that Mrs. Waddles might understand. It was a master-stroke. Gasping, her face on fire, gathering her skirts together with hands that trembled in their black silk mitts, Mrs. Waddles turned and swept away.

"I never!" she managed to utter as she slammed the gate.

You shut the door softly, the battle won, and went back to the garden.

"Well, that's over," you said, with a sigh, as Mother herself would have said it.

"What's over, dear?"

"Mrs. Waddles," you replied.

So you took care of Mother so well that she loved you more and more as the days of your knighthood passed; and she took care of you so well that your cheeks grew rosier and your eyes brighter and your legs stronger, and you loved her more and more with the days of her motherhood. — From *IN THE MORNING GLOW*, by Roy Rolfe Gilson (Harper & Brothers).

Books of Life

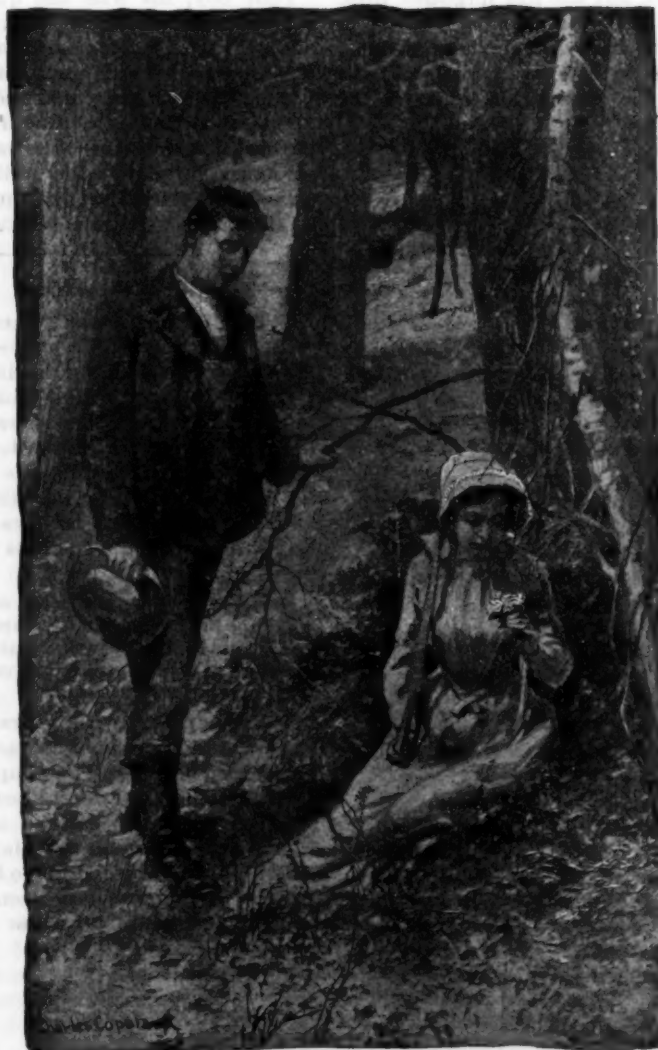
A MAN is educated just in proportion as he is familiar with the critical hours of earth's greatest men, and the story of their sorrows and how they bore them, of their joys and what inspiration they brought, of their victories and how the hero achieved them. That is why Abraham Lincoln said there were two great events in his life, the one when he borrowed the "Life of Washington" from a neighbor, the other when he opened the New Testament and read the memorabilia

Froude portrays in the life of Caesar, the Roman general and orator; that Boswell gives in the life of the scholar, Samuel Johnson; that Carlyle gives in the study

They give us the history of the soul, its great epochs and its teachers, and to lessons of warning and alarm they add lessons of inspiration, of guidance, and of hope. But to the story of the great man must be added the biography of the common people, with the history of how the race came to invent its tent and its tool, how grew this art, this literature, this science, and this religion, together with the story of its liberties and with what battles and blood these institutions were achieved. — From *THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS*, by Newell Dwight Hillis (The Macmillan Company).

Roger Wolcott's Religious Attitude

TO Roger Wolcott religion was a natural and essential element of life. His faith was simple. He had little interest in dogma or the differences of theologies. He did, however, have a profound belief in the teachings of the Christian faith as he understood them. He had no sympathy with the idea that faith and the church were matters of taste or convenience. To him the Christian Church, representing the Christian faith, was essential to the welfare of society and to the upbuilding of men's characters. He believed in the church and in public worship. He was a communicant. Every Sunday he went with his family to service at King's Chapel in Boston or in the Unitarian Church in Milton, and every month received the communion. His addresses at the annual festivals of the Unitarian Association were always keenly anticipated, and they reveal something of his religious attitude. — From *ROGER WOLCOTT*, by Bishop William Lawrence (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).



"POLLY, UNCLE CALEB THINKS I AM NOT DOING THE RIGHT THING" Page 355

From "CONCERNING POLLY." Copyright, 1902, Lee & Shepard



FROM "RED FOLK AND WHITE FOLK." Copyright, 1902, F. A. Stokes Co.

of Jesus Christ. Indeed, no man is educated who has not saturated himself with every detail in the life of some one hero. What a university education is given in the history of a great soul like the one that

of Oliver Cromwell or Frederick the Great; that Plato gives in his recollections of Socrates; that John gives in his reminiscences of the Divine Master. Biographies are the supreme books in literature.

A Glimpse at Old Boston

IT is a little queer that when one goes into the historic Faneuil Hall, which we Boston people call "the Cradle of Liberty," he passes upstairs between the stalls of a market where he sees beef and pork, cabbages and lettuce, for sale. This is because Peter Faneuil, the son of a Huguenot, built the Hall for the town of Boston when twenty thousand people lived there. He gave it to the town that the lower part might be used for a market, the upper part for a place of assembly for the citizens. At this moment, if any fifty citizens agree that they want to hold a public meeting in this hall, they can have the use of the hall without money and without price for that purpose. And the lawyers have long since instructed the government of the city that if she does not continue the use of the lower story as a market, some Huguenot of a new century might appear from France and establish his claim for this historic property.

In the business and pleasure of thirty thousand people there had to be large stables. And of the region now most crowded in the daily life of the town a large part was then given to such stables. Niles' stable ran back from School Street northerly. On Bromfield Street a large stable served the customers of the Indian Queen Tavern. This extended southerly. The Marlboro Hotel stood where the bookseller's arch now is. The taverns which stood where the Boston Theatre and Keith's now stand, and opposite them, were called the Lion Tavern and the Lamb Tavern and the Lafayette Tavern. Their stables ran back there. On the south side of West Street was another large stable. There was a very large stable on the west side of Hawley Street, where the great retail shops of Washington Street now run back and cover the whole territory.

In 1830, when I was eight years old, I was sent on a Sunday morning with my brother Nathan to the house of Mr. Alexander Everett, in Summer Street, with the "extra" from the *Daily Advertiser*, which contained the news of the downfall of Charles X. and the Parisian Revolution of 1830. We must needs go through Hawley

Street without thinking of Charles X.

The very queer lay of the streets in one and another part of Boston may be referred frequently to the former existence of these great "lots" of land, all but forgotten, which were covered by barns for hay, and other cheap wooden buildings.

Into a town like this there shambled in very different stages, which were never called stage-coaches, from all parts of New England; or, very likely, travelers arrived in their own chaises. Observe that no wagon of four wheels for pleasure traveling was known until General Dearborn introduced such a wagon from the West in the period of the English war; and the light four-wheeled wagon in which people began to ride from place to place was called the "Dearborn wagon." Besides the spring of the wagon proper, the seat hung on a spring of its own; it was, therefore, well adapted for corduroy riding. This seems to have been a Western invention, when New York was a Western State.

The first steam railroad line which carried passengers out of Boston was the Boston & Worcester Railroad Company, which sent a train, mostly as a matter of curiosity, nine miles out, to West Newton, in the summer of 1833. Before that time the communication with the interior was made on the common roads with horse traction, with the exception, which is hardly an exception, of the few passengers and slight freight which came on the Middlesex Canal from the Merrimack River. Boston was supplied with lumber, as our good American English has it, and with most of the fuel for burning, from Maine, and such products of the forest were brought by water. Such supplies as this made fuel very cheap in eastern Massachusetts. Our trade with the West Indies also made molasses a very easy product to import here. Putting these two easy and cheap commodities to-

any large building in what was then the South End of Boston runs against the old excavations which were made for condensing vats in those days.

The population of Boston in 1808 was about thirty thousand. The space occupied by the old peninsula was about seven hundred acres. My father used to say, when he was seventy years old, that when he came to Boston the enterprise of internal



From "HEIDI."

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Frontispiece of "KULOSKAP THE MASTER." Copyright, 1902, Funk & Wagnalls

Street, I do not know why, but when we arrived in Summer Street we found we had lost our documents. We returned at once, to find that the stablemen of the street were reading our news, and so we regained our precious "extra." I tell the story, because I never pass through Hawley

together, that is to say, wood under the boiler and molasses into the boiler, and you obtained New England rum. For the first forty years of the century, therefore, the manufacture of rum was a principal manufacture of the town of Boston; and to this hour, whoever digs a new cellar for

improvement which attracted the most interest on the part of Boston people was that by which they should dig down Beacon Hill and fill up the mill-pond, celebrated in Franklin's early biography, at the northern end of the town. This was successfully done, so that Mr. Thurston, of the house in Bowdoin Street destroyed only lately, used to say that the chimney of his new house, four stories high, was at the same spot in space as where the doorsteps were some years before. This condition of things lasted until the end of 1847, when it was the business of my father, as head of the water commission of that time, to rebuild Beacon Hill, in order to give sufficient height to the reservoir which should supply the highest levels of water in Boston. Time rolled by, and in the last week of 1889 it was my privilege, in the company of Governor Oliver Ames, to offer in words the prayers of the great assembly when we laid the corner-stone of the annex to the State House, for which corner-stone my father's reservoir had been pulled down and Beacon Hill again reduced in its altitude. — From MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS, by Edward Everett Hale.

— The boys will mourn the death of G. A. Henty, who has added each year three more books to the historical Henty stories, which all boys have read at some period of their life. He was nearly 70 years of age.

Our Holiday Book-table

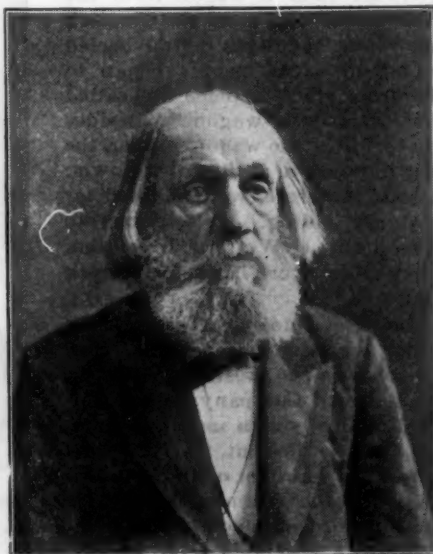
The Holy Land. Painted by John Fulleylove, R. I. Described by John Kelman, M. A. Adam and Charles Black: London. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$6.

The main feature of this handsome gift-book is the 92 illustrations, nearly all of them in colors, drawn and painted from life very recently, and exhibited in London last spring by Mr. Fulleylove. They cover in a very satisfactory way about all the features of interest connected with the Holy Land, being especially complete regarding Jerusalem. With these paintings, in addition to the well-known series by Tissot so carefully studied on the ground, it would seem that the stay-at-home traveler was given almost the privilege of an eye-witness. The letter-press by Mr. Kelman, of Edinburgh, is well worthy of the pictures, and carries the reader along with unflinching interest. It is divided into three parts—"The Land," "The Invaders," "The Spirit of Syria." Among the topics treated are the Desert, the Color of the Land, the Waters of Israel, the Lighter Side of Things, the Shadow of Death, the Land of the Cross, Israelite, Roman, Christian, Moslem, Crusader. For those who do not mind paying a somewhat large price, this beautiful volume will make a very excellent present. It is especially suitable for Sunday-school superintendents, teachers and pastors at Christmas time.

The Reign of Queen Anne. By Justin McCarthy. 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$4.

The reign of Queen Anne is one of the most notable epochs in the history of modern times—a turning-point in the annals of England, and, to some extent, in those of the world. It takes rank in somewhat the same category as the age of Pericles, Augustus, and Elizabeth; not through any remarkable genius inhering in the Queen, for she was as commonplace as can be imagined; but through the remarkable achievements in politics, peace and war, culminating in these years, during the early part of the eighteenth century, where-

Marlborough, Swift, Pope, Addison, and the other famous writers who lend so much lustre to the period, Bolingbroke, Harley, Walpole, and the other politicians whose plots and counterplots add so much interest to the great game of empire. One feels in reading McCarthy that all pains have been taken to master the subject, and that the materials are treated with unflinching good taste and a most impartial judgment. He is both reliable and interesting. What more can be said?



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

From "MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS." The Macmillan Co.

Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Two Vols. Price, \$5 net.

Already published in the *Outlook*, these fourteen chapters, dealing with the history of the past century, have attracted wide notice. Like all which Dr. Hale writes, they are easy to read, and the interest does not often flag. Some of it, however, is, as

Among the chapter heads are: "The Smaller Boston," "The Virginian Dynasty," "Internal Improvement," "The Orators," "The Historians," "The War," "Literature." Whoever shall hereafter write the real history of the United States in the nineteenth century will find considerable aid in these two profusely illustrated and handsomely made volumes.

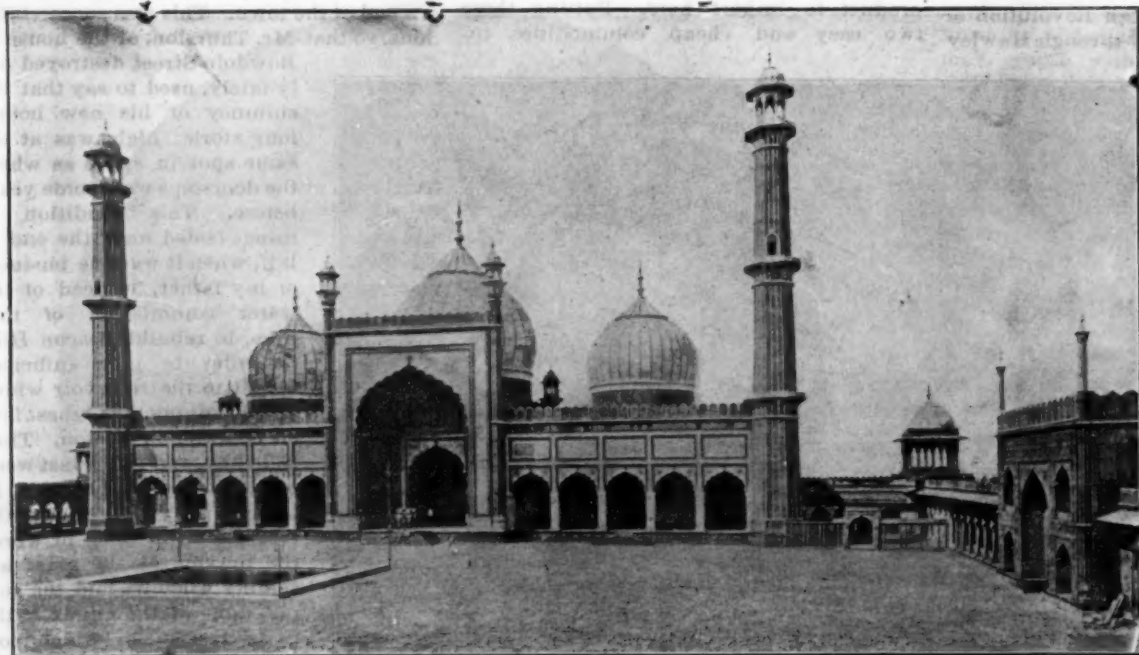
Roger Wolcott. By William Lawrence. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.

The late Governor Wolcott, in ancestry, education, position, personality, character, was almost, if not quite, ideal, and Bishop Lawrence has done well in telling the story of his life, though the materials are rather scanty, as he wrote few letters and kept no diary. We are especially glad that the Bishop brings out so clearly his very pronounced religious life. His parents were devout Unitarians. Every morning was opened with family prayer, in which all took part. Church attendance was constant, and Sunday observed with much strictness. Thus brought up, the Governor had a profound belief in the teachings of the Christian faith as he understood them, and was a regular attendant and communicant week by week and month by month. "To him the Christian Church representing the Christian faith was essential to the welfare of society and to the upbuilding of men's characters." In the long succession of illustrious men whom the old Bay State has elevated to her chief magistracy, Roger Wolcott bears his part well, and his lifelong friend has fitly set forth his excellences.

The Quest of Happiness: A Study of Victory over Life's Troubles. By Newell Dwight Hillis. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

Since Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in a work published a very few years ago by Roberts Brothers, has used this title, "The Quest of Happiness," it seems to us it would have been better for Dr. Hillis to have called his book "The Secret of Happiness," for such

it certainly discloses. In seventeen well-planned and carefully-studied chapters it discusses the whole subject in a most manly and sensible as well as Christian way. A mere enumeration of some of the chapter headings will show a little of the wealth here stored up: "Happiness through Conversation and the Cultivation of the Social Life;" "Happiness and the Home as the Spring of all Good Fortune;" "Happiness and the Friendship of Books;" "Happiness and the Ministry of Nature;" "The Three Arch-Enemies of Happiness—Hurry, Worry and Debt;" "The External Helps to Happiness." It is evident that the Plymouth



MOSQUE AT DELHI

From "WILLIAM BUTLER: THE FOUNDER OF TWO MISSIONS." Eaton & Mains

in Anne, last of the Stuarts, occupied the throne. Mr. McCarthy is a trained historian, admirably fitted for the task he has here set himself, and these two portly volumes will increase his well-earned reputation. He throws the charm of his clear, strong style around such topics as Blenheim and the other, notable victories of

the author himself says, simply "chatter," "of little interest to any but my children and myself." The chief value of the work is from the inside view given of many important occurrences and periods in regard to which Dr. Hale's recollections or stores of private papers afford light not hitherto generally known or previously published.

Pulpit preacher has opportunity under this general heading of Happiness to touch about all the points that concern human life. He knows well how to do it, and he has taken pains. He says: "These pages have been re-written throughout three times within the past five years." The publishers have done their

part very creditably. The wide, illustrated, tinted margins are quite in the latest style of book-making. It is an excellent book for a present. Youth will be made better by it.

From Grieg to Brahms: Studies of Some Modern Composers and their Art. By Daniel Gregory Mason. The Outlook Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This nephew of Dr. William Mason, to whom the book is dedicated, has produced a volume which will be of great interest and value to all music lovers. Six music masters are treated—Edvard Grieg, Antonin Dvorak, Camille Saint-Saëns, César Franck, Peter Ilyitch Tchaikowsky, and Johannes Brahms. There is also an important introductory essay on "The Appreciation of Music," in which music is considered as a medium for men, and an equally instructive closing essay on "The Meaning of Music," in which life is considered as a medium for music. Portraits of the composers are given. Good print, wide margins and elegant binding make the book a pleasure to the eye.

Songs of Two Centuries. By Will Carleton. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

As its name indicates, this new book of poems by a popular poet was written in the last years of the nineteenth and the first years of the twentieth century. It is full of breeziness and helpfulness and the depth of thought that have already made Mr. Carleton the founder of a new and delightful school of American poetry. The book is divided into different sections, and shows in the fullest degree the versatility of the author's style. There are: "Songs of the Nation," "Songs of the Rivers," "Songs of the Mountains," "Songs of Pleasure and Pain," "Songs of Months and Days," etc., ranging from grave to gay, and from the most dignified English to the quaintest dialect.

graceful language of the authors' own experiences and experiments with caterpillars and their moths. A unique feature is the fine photographic illustrations showing forty-three life-size specimens, to which is added the life history of at least one of each species. There is also shown a picture of the larva and the moth in each case; the male and female both being shown when they differ much. The authors have put into the book all the facts needed for the successful rearing of moths, as much structural work as beginners need to know, and an account of the necessary appliances and equipment, together with a list of the most useful reference books.

The Martyr Isle, Erromanga. By Rev. H. A. Robertson. A. C. Armstrong & Son: New York. Price, \$1.50.

Here are thrilling chapters on a strange people, with their unusual customs and savage habits—a story of the heroism and martyrdom of the brave men and women who planted this mission. The editor of the volume, the distinguished John Fraser, LL. D., Sydney, author of "The Etruscans: Were they Celts?" in his preface, says: "The illustrations are taken from photographs made by the author himself and one or two others; and the maps of

Alexander Morrison has kindly written for this volume. It is founded on a personal visit to Erromanga and the New Hebrides. I have cheerfully given my as-



AN ERROMANGAN BELLE IN HEATHEN DRESS.

[Page 192.]

From "ERROMANGA, THE MARTYR ISLE"
Copyright, 1902, A. C. Armstrong & Son.

sistance in preparing this volume in the hope that, along with Rev. Dr. John G. Paton's 'Autobiography,' it may help to show how much untold heroism there often is in the conduct of Christian missions, and how much the missionary is the pioneer of civilization and trade."

The Bible for Children. Arranged from the King James Version, and with a Preface by Rev. Francis Brown, D. D., and an Introduction by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$3.

It is strange that such a book as this has never been issued before. There have been many selections of stories from the Bible, but here for the first time the Bible is printed in its original form, yet without those parts which careful parents like to keep from young children. The original separations into chapter and verse have been disregarded, and the book has been divided into subjects forming complete stories, so that the child will be interested in every part of it. The wording and spelling of the



DUMAS IN 1828. FROM A DRAWING BY DEVERIA.

From "THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER DUMAS." Copyright, 1902, F. A. Stokes Co.

Caterpillars and their Moths. By Ida Mitchell Elliot and Caroline Gray Soule. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$2.

Lovers of nature will be charmed with this delightfully fresh and interesting publication. It is largely a record told in

Erromanga and of part of Oceania were prepared for this volume by two of his friends as love-gifts. Those who take an interest in natural history will value the appendix on the flora and the physical aspect of the New Hebrides, which Dr.

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

King James Version remain the same. The life of Jesus is put together in a continuous account taken from the four Evangelists. The type is clear and attractive, and each chapter begins with a large initial letter in red, which quickly arrests the eye. There are 475 pages of reading matter and 24 full-page illustrations in tint. It is a superb production in every way, and ought to have an extensive circulation.



DODD, MEAD & CO.

Don Quixote of La Mancha. By Miguel De Cervantes. J. M. Dent & Co.: London. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$2.50.

Successive generations of mankind all over the world have been entertained with the stirring adventures of Don Quixote and the wit and wisdom of Sancho Panza. The book has been translated into almost every language of Europe as well as into several of those of Asia. This universal popularity is due to the fact that, like Shakespeare, Cervantes wrote not for his age, but for all time. It is like meeting old friends after

on his "lean stallion," to become a knight-errant and traverse the world in quest of adventures and to practice all that had been performed by knights-errant, of whom he had so widely read. The illustrations, by W. Heath Robinson, are very striking, and fully interpret the ideas of the author. The present edition is designed especially for young people. Several of the disquisitions more adapted to mature minds have been omitted entirely, the work being confined solely to the adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his inimitable squire.

Avery. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. Price, \$1.

This is one of those nerve-racking, emotion-tearing stories in which this author so excels. Never a glint of humor lightens these pages. We have only vivid descriptions of mental agony and intense physical suffering. Few men will ever read the book; it will be enjoyed mostly by super-sensitive, nervous women — just the class who should read bright, cheerful things. Marshall Avery loves his wife — in his way. She is utterly absorbed in him, and loves him so entirely that finally her physical well-being depends upon his treatment of her, especially as, since the birth of their two children, she has developed a serious heart trouble. He leaves her one evening when she is feeling more than usually exhausted, to have a tooth extracted. While under the influence of gas he has a horrible dream — to the effect that he went on a yachting trip against his wife's wishes, leaving her very ill, was shipwrecked, and that she, reading the news, had died. He

"His Wife." It is strong in conception shows the author's skill in writing, yet is morbid and unhealthy in tone.



A ROMAN LICTOR WITH HIS RODS
From "ILLUSTRATIVE LESSON NOTES, 1903."
Eaton & Mains.

The Messages of the Masters: Spiritual Interpretations of Great Paintings. By Amory H. Bradford. T. Y. Crowell & Co.: New York. Price, \$2.

Among the world's great preachers must be numbered many of the artists. They have given us on their canvases luminous and impressive messages. For the minister of the Gospel to put these messages into words is a worthy work. Dr. Bradford has accomplished it with a good degree of success, taking up ten of the masterpieces of art — the Nativity by Burne-Jones, the Holy Family by Murillo, the Sistine Madonna and the Transfiguration by Raphael, the Light of the World by Holman Hunt, the Old Temeraire by Turner, Christ on the Cross by Munkacsy, Sir Galahad by Watts,



"THE FAIR AND SOMETIMES UNCERTAIN DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF MILBREY."

(See page 182.)

Frontispiece to "THE SPENDERS." Copyright, 1902, D. Lothrop Co.

an absence of many years to greet the hero and his servant again in this new and popular edition. Adults who read the story in their youth will enjoy reading it again with their children. The Don still breathes with "immortal frenzy" as he sets out, clad in ancient armor, lance in hand, and mounted

rushes home to find her apparently dead; but Dr. Thorn, whom we have met before in the author's stories, by almost superhuman skill accomplishes a miracle, and brings her back to earth. Marshall Avery has another chance. This story recently appeared in serial form under the title,

Can Write Them

Calkins, the Story Teller

Mr. Franklin W. Calkins, of Wyoming, Wis., who writes many interesting stories for the *Youth's Companion*, says:

"Food can make or unmake a writer. For a number of years, living the sedentary life of the writer and student, I suffered all the ills of nervous dyspepsia. I could eat nothing in the morning save a dry crust of toasted bread and a cup of weak coffee. For my dinner at 6 o'clock I had been in the habit of eating rare beef steak, the only food from which I seemed to get proper nourishment, but no meal was taken without the after pangs of indigestion. I was beginning to get disgusted with life.

"About a year ago a friend suggested Grape-Nuts, telling me of the benefit he had received from the food and I began with it as directed. I found immediate relief from my indigestion, and in a short time my dyspepsia left me entirely. I have now used Grape-Nuts for a year, and have had no trouble with my stomach, having eaten many enjoyable dinners.

"I find in fact that all you say for Grape-Nuts is true, and it is certainly the food for brain-workers; and the truth of your claims is proved in my own cure. I have no appetite for meats."

the Pilot by Renouf, and *Les Nuées* by Charles Giron. This last is in some respects the most striking and marvelous of all. It is the finest known picture of the grandeur and glory of the mountains, their desolation, and yet their majesty and beauty. The mystery and ministry of the sky, the message of the sea, the coronation of life, the divine love in sacrifice, are some of the other topics on which the pictures preach. Excellent photogravures of the paintings are given.

A Treasury of Humorous Poetry. Being a compilation of Witty, Facetious, and Satirical Verse, selected from the writings of British and American Poets. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Dana Estes & Company: Boston. Price, cloth, \$1.20 net; morocco, \$2.40 net.

It will hardly do to read these four hundred pages of humorous poetry at a single sitting. A good deal of the fun, as is in-

observation in the island — originally appeared in the *Outlook*, where it was eagerly read from week to week. In its present form, however, it is brought together compactly and greatly enhanced by fine illustrations from drawings and photographs. With the data all before him, supplemented by the sidelights thrown upon the subject by the author's personal impressions, and opinions and quotations from authorities on volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, the reader finds the volume rarely fascinating. It is also valuable for reference purposes. The mechanical work is excellent.

The Red House. By E. Nesbit. Harper & Brothers: New York & London. Price, \$1.50.

This charming little story has been running serially in *Harper's Bazar*. It relates

Well, we cannot blame any one for getting intensely interested in these sturdy Scotchmen of Glengarry in Eastern Ontario. They are nature's noblemen. And the boys whose school experiences are here given are chips of the old blocks. Mrs. Murray, the minister's wife, as in the previous volume, stands forth in most saintly guise. There is a wonderful death-bed scene, a thrilling shinny contest, an exciting bear hunt, and many more things, some pathetic, some humorous, which make it difficult to lay the book down until it is finished. Pure, wholesome, helpful, natural, inspiring — these Connor books may well touch the million line of sales before they are done, and the world be all the better for it. It is a good sign that they are so highly appreciated.

In the Morning Glow. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$1.25.

This book consists of a series of sketches, some of which have been published in the magazines, giving a unique and faithful picture of an American family as seen through the eyes of the small boy of the household. The descriptions, scenes and incidents are very true to nature and carry us back with a rush to the days of our own childhood. The book is full of both humor and pathos, and is written in a simple yet dignified manner that will appeal to both old and young. The many illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens are in her usual good style and add much to the book.

Napoleon Jackson: The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. The Century Co.: New York. Price, \$1.

This new book by the popular Southern writer is a story of Negro life in an exceedingly humorous vein. The hero, Mr. Napoleon Jackson, is unable to work because he has been "marked for rest;" so his happy, good-natured wife assumes the role of provider for the numerous family. The plush rocker, a prize given by a soap company, but the envy of the neighbors, is placed under a tree which is covered by trailing vines, and there Mr. Jackson sits and talks and sings to his devoted wife laboring over the tubs. There is very little plot, but its development shows a deep understanding of human nature and it is evident that the story was not written



The gang plank was hardly adjusted before a lithe, slender figure tripped across. — Page 31.

From "HORTENSE: A DIFFICULT CHILD." Copyright, 1902, Lee & Shepard

evitable, is rather forced and far-fetched, and one does not feel that many hours can be profitably or even gayly spent in its perusal. But for an occasional dip it is, perhaps, worth while, and some of the poems are decidedly mirth-provoking. Mr. Knowles has done his work with excellent taste, and has given us what is probably the best anthology of the kind, though there are many such. There are no less than 250 selections, and the work of 130 different writers is sampled. Sixteen full-page halftone illustrations and a very neat, attractive cover-design, with gilt top and box, add to the suitableness of the book for a Christmas gift.

The Tragedy of Pelee. By George Kennan. Illustrated with Drawings by George Varian and Photographs by the Author. The Outlook Co.: New York.

This intensely interesting story of the awful desolation of St. Pierre, Martinique, after the eruption of Mt. Pelee — the result of Mr. Kennan's personal experience and

the amusing experiences of a young couple still in their honeymoon, who from love in a "Bandbox" — as they call the little flat — come to an extensive country estate. Both Chloe and Len have earned a living by writing and sketching, but are only as two children regarding the practical affairs of a house. They depend almost entirely upon Yolande, a friend of both, who is very business-like and matter-of-fact, and who has theories of life which she disproves when she falls in love and marries. The story of their difficulties and adventures in settling the new home, and finding the right tenants for the cottages, which Yolande manages to do for them, is told with quaint charm and humor. So far it is Mrs. Bland's best book.

Glengarry School Days. By Ralph Connor. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

The other three Western tales of Rev. Charles Gordon have sold, the publishers claim, 640,000 copies, and this fourth one starts out with a first edition of 50,000.

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merely to amuse. The descriptions are very clever, the situations ludicrous, and the humor subtle. Like all of this author's stories, there is a deep pathos underlying the plot, which touches all hearts.

Thoughts from Emerson. Compiled and edited by Ann Bachelor, James H. Earle & Company: Boston. Price, \$1.

This is the third volume, in three successive years, from the hand of that tireless compiler, Ann Bachelor, whose "Carlyle Year Book" and "Ruskin Year Book" were so favorably received. The present daintily bound book—both in dark blue and in white, with gold design on cover—contains choice selections from the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson for every day in the year—selections made with the same unerring skill and literary judgment that have rendered her other volumes so valuable to lovers of Carlyle and Ruskin. A fine portrait of Emerson appears as a frontispiece. By admirers of the Concord sage this little volume of 166 pages, filled with the rarest gems of thought, will be thoroughly appreciated.

Elmcove. By Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever. American Tract Society: New York. Price, \$1.25.

In "Elmcove," Mrs. Cheever, to our way of thinking, has presented the best book she has yet written. It is a story for growing and grown-up girls—pure and sweet and satisfying as a mountain spring. A happy and beautiful young girl, Sybil Earle, on the night of a friend's wedding, tripped and fell on the steps, receiving thereby such injuries to her spine that she was made an invalid for life. But her buoyant Christian faith stands the stress and strain of this terrible affliction, and, hiding her own sufferings, she bravely and cheerfully accepts her lot, and unconsciously becomes the comforter and counselor of the whole of Elmcove. Mrs. Cheever knows how to make the Christian life appear to young people—as it should—attractive and sane. Not a bit of cant blurs her pages. One becomes intensely interested in Sybil and her girl friends, her devoted brother-lover, Oliver Bruce, the bluff old sea captain, Captain Ransom, and his knowing parrot, Sancho, funny little Miss Patty Parsons, and a score of others. "Elmcove" deserves a first place in the Sunday school library and on the home bookshelves.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, \$2.

This is one of the stories that never grow old, and will be read and reread as long as there are girls who read. The book is similar in style to "Little Men" and "An Old-fashioned Girl," recently published by this same house, and other volumes of Miss Alcott's books are in course of preparation. To say that the illustrations are by Alice Barber Stephens is to say that they are adapted to the time of the story in dress, and that her conception of Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy will always be ours in future—in fact, that they are altogether charming.

Concerning Polly and Some Others. By Helen M. Winslow. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Miss Winslow, widely known as the editor of the *Club Woman*, has a fully established reputation as a successful writer. All those who love animals will remember her "Concerning Cats." From that book to "Concerning Polly" is a wide leap, but Miss Winslow takes it grandly. Polly is a poor little waif abandoned in the slums of Boston, ragged and starving. A farmer on his way to the "old brown farmhouse" in the Green Mountains takes her with him to fill the place made vacant by the death of his little girl, and Polly indeed becomes a daughter to him. "Uncle Caleb" and "Aunt Thankful" are the advisers and helpers of the whole neighborhood, and the social life

revolves around them. Under their loving care we trace Polly's growth to a noble womanhood, until at last she settles for life in the dear old farmhouse with the nephew of the old people as her husband. By this book the author takes her place at once in the front rank of depictees of New England life. With a loving and gentle touch she sketches for us these unique characters, full of both humor and pathos, never once degenerating into burlesque. The book is finely gotten up, and the illustrations by Charles Copeland intelligently elucidate the text.

Through the Looking Glass. By Lewis Carroll. 40 illustrations by Peter Newell. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$3 net.

This book has been published as a companion volume to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and is designed to be a standard library edition. Of course the story—a classic for old and young—has been read by every one, but with the pictures by Peter Newell it has an added charm. There are forty full-page illustrations, in tint, from drawings, and each page of type is surrounded by line drawings and the edges are deckled. To handle such a sumptuous book is to covet it, and we predict for it a heavy sale during the approaching holiday season.

In Merry Mood. By Nixon Waterman. Forbes & Co.: Boston and Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Waterman has produced a volume of "cheerful rhymes" which will find ready acceptance with the average reader. There are ninety-eight poems in all, ranging over

a large number of subjects of common interest. Among some of the titles are: "Back-Stairs Poetry," "Basis of Criticism," "A Defense of Shakespeare," "Go Right on Working," "Making a Man," "Our Thoughtless Wrongs," "Regardin' Hoss-Tradin'," "Shreds and Patches," and "Woman: A Study."

Hortense: A Difficult Child. By Edna A. Foster. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, 50 cents net.

Although this is Miss Foster's first book, as editor of the children's page of the *Youth's Companion* she has had much experience in supplying good and attractive reading for the young. Hortense, an impulsive, loving and talented but indeed difficult child, at once gains our sympathy. Transplanted from a home in the South where her education had been very erratic and she had been allowed to run wild out of doors, to a prim New England home with set rules, it is no wonder that life was a trial to her for awhile. The experiences of the cousin who tried to train her by rules made for well-regulated children are very

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interesting. Fortunately an understanding of each other's characters was reached in course of time. The book is excellent, whether viewed as a story for the children, or as a suggestive study for those who have to do with the education of children.

With a Saucepan Over the Sea. By Adelaide Keen. With illustrations from Photographs. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Cooks and housewives who are ever on the alert for new recipes will find directions in this book which will give them an excuse to experiment with new culinary concoctions for many months to come. It contains over 600 recipes for soups, fish, eggs, sauces, meats, entrées, vegetables, salads, cakes, puddings, pastry, ices, preserves, confections and hot and cold drinks as prepared in England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and other European countries. A man could well afford to make his wife a present of a production of this kind.

Maid Sally. By Harriet A. Cheever. Dana Estes & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.

Mrs. Cheever lays the scene of this pleasing story for girls in Virginia, during the period just prior to the American Revolution. Sally is sweet and plucky and beautiful, and the tale of her love for her fairy prince, of her bravely borne slavery under Mistress Cory Ann, of her charming friendship with the cheery Goodwife Kendall and the noble parson, of her daring night ride to rescue Master Lionel, and of her coming into her fortune, will fascinate the young reader from beginning to happy end. There are eight full-page illustrations by Bertha G. Davidson.

A Dornfield Summer. By Mary M. Haley. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.20 net.

Gertrude Gleason, a loving, warm-hearted but quick tempered young girl, has lessons and experiences enough in this one summer to make a very readable book. Dornfield is a small farming village, and Gertrude returns from boarding-school to her home there, which she dearly loves, to find that a cousin whom she has never seen has been invited to spend the summer. Gertrude is bright and talented, a leader among her set, and cannot bear that her cousin should excel her in anything, which causes hard feeling between them. Fortunately Gertrude has a wise mother, who adjusts all difficulties and brings the girls to a better understanding of each other. Gertrude's "set" is a merry one, and they all have jolly times, with picnics and excursions of all sorts. The book is full of fun, yet the ideals are high, and there is much good advice for young girls just entering boarding-school.

What a Girl can Make and Do. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. Profusely illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, \$1.60.

Within the covers of this pleasing volume are suggestions for making and doing a wide variety of things, useful, instructive, and entertaining, easily within the ability of the average girl. It is packed with new ideas for work and play. Among the chapters are: "What a Girl can Make with Hammer and Saw," "Possibilities of an Easter Egg," "A Paper Easter," "Vegetable Animals and Fruit Lanterns," "Moving Toys," "A Peanut Noah's Ark," "Basket Weaving," "What to Make of Empty Spools," "Christmas Devices," "Picture Writing and Sign Language." Eight interesting chapters are devoted to descriptions of a large variety of games for both indoors and out.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Helene S. White. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: New York. Price, 90 cents.

This interesting story, brought out in the "Children's Favorite Classics," tells of the experiences of a little German girl named Heidi, who, upon the death of her mother, went to live with her grandfather, whose

lonely cabin stood near the top of a rugged mountain, on a jutting ledge, in the Alps. The little girl led a glorious free life among the Alpine rocks and flowers—a life as sweet as the air that blew through the pine trees, as bright as the sun that glistened on the snow. The book has long been appreciated in Germany, and the present English version is new and carefully made.

The Rosebud Series. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. Price, \$1.25 per set.

This set includes four dainty, diminutive books for small people, beautifully bound, with designs in color on the covers, and all inclosed in a decorated box. The titles of these illustrated stories are: **THE REVOLT**

OF THE TOYS, by E. Nesbit; **THE MYSTERY OF THE PINE WOOD**, by L. Molesworth; **THE PRINCESS WHO GAVE ALL AWAY**, by L. T. Meade; and **TWO ROUGH STONES**, by G. Manville Fenn.

Topsy and Turvy. By Peter Newell. Century Co.: New York. Price, \$1.

This oblong, rhyming, colored picture-book is assuredly unique. Hold the book in one position for one picture; invert it, and, behold, another one appears. For instance, one picture, a "Topsy," represents a boy struggling in the water, having fallen off the dock; the "Turvy" shows this same boy transformed into a lad who is reaching over the edge of the wharf to pull the first one out. It is a most amusing and ingenious book.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Fourth Quarter Lesson XII

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1902.

LUKE 2:8-20

[Read Isa. 9:17; Heb. 1.]

CHRISTMAS LESSON

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.* — Luke 2:11.

2. **DATE:** Uncertain; probably B. C. 5 (December). The habit of dating from the Christian era did not prevail until the sixth century. In making the calculations an error probably (of four or five years) crept in.

3. **PLACE:** Bethlehem.

4. **ST. LUKE'S GOSPEL:** Its author — Lucas or Lucanus — was born at Antioch (according to Eusebius), and was a physician (Col. 4:10, 14). He was a companion of St. Paul (Phil. 24:2; Tim. 4:11), and wrote also the Acts of the Apostles. After Paul's death he preached in Africa, according to tradition. Gregory Nazianzen says he died a martyr, but common report declares his death to have been a natural one. His Gospel was written in the Greek language, probably between A. D. 50 and 58. The hand of the physician is discernible in the description of the cures wrought by Jesus, and the writer is "careful to distinguish between ordinary diseases and demoniacal possession; representing Satan as an agent from without in the former, and energizing from within in the latter," says Wordsworth. The genuineness of this Gospel has been almost unanimously admitted.

5. **CIRCUMSTANCES:** The world was at peace. A universal census of the Roman empire had been ordered by Augustus, probably for the purpose of taxation. In Judea the people flocked to their tribal cities, where their genealogies were preserved, for enrollment. Among these Joseph and Mary, then settled in Nazareth, turned their steps southward to the royal city of David (Bethlehem) — a distance of seventy miles.

6. **HOME READINGS.** Monday — Luke 2:8-20. Tuesday — Luke 2:25-35. Wednesday — Luke 2:36-40. Thursday — Matt. 2:1-12. Friday — Matt. 2:13-23. Saturday — Isa. 9:1-7. Sunday — John 1:1-14.

II Introductory

It was fitting that a heavenly gift should have a heavenly attestation. It was fitting that He who came to earth to incarnate Himself for man's redemption, should be attended and announced. It was fitting that the Gospel which, according to prophecy, He came to preach to the poor, should be first proclaimed, not to the cultured, but to the lowly — to humble shepherds keeping their watch by night in the dewy fields. At what hour the shepherds were startled by the sudden paling of the stars and the disclosure of a form too radiant for mortal eyes to gaze upon, we do not know; but such a revelation came. The luminous cloud which ages before had led the Israelites in their wilderness wanderings and later had hallowed the Tabernacle and the Temple — the Shekinah, as it was called — now descended, not to perpetuate the old, but to inaugurate the new. And in the centre of the shining an angel stood and proclaimed to the awe-struck shepherds "the good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." The Saviour was born in the city of David. The Long-expected had indeed come. The "sign" would be "a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And then, as though

heaven could not contain its joy, "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host," and the ears of the shepherds caught the notes of angelic praise that rose in glad hallelujahs before the Throne: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased."

Leaving their flocks untended, the shepherds hastened with eager feet to the town, seeking for the "sign" announced in the heavenly vision. In one of the narrow streets they pause at the door of the inn, and, making their way to the cattle-stable (which may or may not have been a cave at the farther end, as tradition has it), they find the Child wrapped as described and lying in a manger.

The angels had told it to the shepherds, and they in turn now tell it to Mary and Joseph and the attending Bethlehemites. In simple but graphic outlines they picture the heavenly vision and repeat the angelic song. Doubtless the wonder was great and the comments many, but there was one who listened and was silent. The virgin mother treasured up every word and "pondered" these things in her heart. "In her all wonder was lost in the one overwhelming revelation, the one absorbing consciousness." The shepherds went back to their flocks with hearts joyful and praiseful for the mercy which had singled them out in their obscurity and had thrown such brightness upon their lives.

III Expository

8. In the same country — the region around Bethlehem. Shepherds — probably devout and simple men, waiting, like

Simson, for the "Consolation of Israel," and engaged in their proper occupation. **Keeping watch by night.** — Neither the year, nor the day of the year, of Christ's birth can be determined. Tradition fixes it as the evening of December 25. No argument against this date based upon the severity of climate will have weight, because in Palestine, between the middle of December and mid-February, an interval of several weeks of dry weather frequently occurs, and "the period of Christmas is one of the loveliest in the entire year." Schaiff claims that there is "a poetical and symbolical fitness" in the selection of the 25th of December: "At that season the longest night gives way to the returning sun on his triumphant march, just as Christ appeared in the darkest night of sin and error as the true light of the world."

9. **The angel** (R. V., "an angel"). — Luke records other appearances of angels — at the Temptation, at Gethsemane, and at the Resurrection. **Came upon them** (R. V., "stood by them") — not a vision, but an actual appearance. The Greek word

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is a favorite one with Luke; he uses it eighteen times. The glory of the Lord — the Shekinah, or radiant cloud, that betokened the Divine presence (Exod. 24: 16; Num. 14: 10). Sore — exceedingly. The phrase literally reads, "feared a great fear" — "the usual effect," says Schaff, "of angelic appearances, enhanced in this case by the supernatural brightness;" and, adds Abbott, "by the universal consciousness of sin."

10. Fear not (R. V., "be not afraid"). — Their terror must first be calmed and their minds assured before the angels' message can be delivered. Good tidings — the modern English for the Saxon "Gospel" or "good spell." All people (R. V., "all the people") — primarily the Jewish nation, but also all mankind.

The contrast of the condition of despair and sorrow into which the heathen world had sunk and the joy of Christians even in the deepest adversity — as when we find "joy" to be the keynote of the letter written to Philippi by the suffering prisoner St. Paul — is a striking comment on this promise. Even the pictures and epitaphs of the gloomy catacombs are full of joy and brightness (Farrar).

11. Unto you. — See Isaiah 9: 6. Born. — "The Word was made flesh." This day — after four thousand years of waiting. Saviour — same in meaning as "Jesus;" "never used by Matthew or Mark; only once by John (4: 42); often by Paul in his later epistles; five times in 2 Peter" (Wordsworth). Christ — meaning "the Anointed," "the Messiah." The Lord. — This title, which is the same as that used in verse 9, indicates that Christ is Jehovah.

12. A sign (R. V., "the sign"). — One was needed and one was granted: 1, a babe; 2, humbly wrapped, not richly dressed; 3, lowly cradled, not in a palace. Manger — a part of the unusual "sign."

13, 14. A multitude of the heavenly host — a concourse of angels. The homage of angels was to be rendered to Christ (Heb. 1: 6). The expression, "host of heaven," is also applied to the sun, moon and stars. Praising God. — Praise is the natural speech of angels; but now they had a new and special reason for its utterance. In the highest — either "in the highest strains," or "in the highest heavens;" the highest praise for the highest subject, to the highest Person, in the highest place" (Gray). Peace. — "He is our peace," reconciling man to God, earth to heaven, and destroying the enmity excited by sin. Good-will. — The gift of Christ is the highest proof of God's good-will to men. The R. V. rendering of the passage is: "On earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

15, 16. Let us go now — at once. They believed what had been told them. Even unto Bethlehem — as far as Bethlehem. Came with haste — the eagerness of faith. Found — discovered after searching. Mary and Joseph. — Her name properly stands first.

17, 20. Made known abroad — published it, told what they had seen and heard. "Thus they were the first Christian preachers" (Farrar). Wondered. — Never did they have a better reason. Mary kept . . . pondered — revolved the matter in silence. "Mary appears here, as in chap. 1: 29 and 2: 5, richly adorned with that incorruptible ornament which an apostle describes (1 Pet. 3: 4) as the highest adorning of woman. Heart, mind and memory are here all combined in the service of faith" (Van Oosterzee). "The one publishes; the other meditates. Both are right; they illustrate different but not inconsistent phases of experience. Pondering and publishing are both Christian duties" (Abbott). Shepherds returned — to their duty on the hill-tops.

Christmas China and Glass

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Among the newer subjects of the Wedgewood old blue historical plates are the following numbers, which have inscriptions at the back, viz.:

No. 51.
 Yale College and the Old Yale Fence

"The old fence has gone; the old brick row is but a memory of a past century; but the spirit of loyalty and of true democracy which our fathers developed has been strong enough to survive changes of outward scene, and remains as Yale's most treasured possession."

No. 52.
 Park Street Church, Boston
 1809 Cor. Tremont and Park Streets 1901

No. 53.
 1712 The Old Corner Bookstore, Boston 1901
 Corner School and Washington Streets

Around this corner gather the toilers of the pen.
 "For Emerson and Longfellow
 The morning hour divide;
 Or Whittier, our beloved
 As brave as he is true,
 With Lowell, Holmes and Hawthorne
 Old fellowships renew."

No. 54.
 Priscilla and John Alden
 "Archly the maiden smiled with eyes over-
 running with laughter;
 Said, in a tremulous voice, Why don't
 you speak for yourself, John?"
 "The Courtship of Miles Standish." —
 Longfellow.

No. 55.
 "Let us have peace."
 April 25, 1822 — July 23, 1885.
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 Hudson.
 150 feet high, 250 feet above the Hudson.
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 tions.

No. 56.
 The McKinley Home
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 is in concord, not conflict, and that our real
 eminence rests in the victories of peace,
 not those of war."
 — McKinley.
 Last speech, Buffalo, Sept. 5, 1901.
 Jan. 29, 1843 — Sept. 4, 1901.

No. 57.
 Elmwood, Cambridge
 Home of James Russell Lowell
 "Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance
 Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
 The man's whole life precludes the single
 deed
 That shall decide if his inheritance
 Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
 Our race's sap and sustenance,
 Or with the unmotivated herd that only
 sleep and feed."
 — "Under the Old Elm."

No. 60.
 Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia,
 in which the first Continental Congress
 convened, Sept. 5, 1774.

No. 61.
 Harvard College Gate
 Harvard College was founded in 1636,
 and was named for Rev. John Harvard of
 Charlestown, a Master of Arts of Emman-
 uel College.
 Of Harvard College might then have
 been said what Sir Walter Mildmay, the
 founder of Emmanuel College, said to
 Queen Elizabeth, "I have set an acorn
 which when it becomes an oak, God alone
 knows what will be the fruit thereof."

No. 62.
 Monticello,
 1772 Home of Thomas Jefferson 1902
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Dr. Daniel Dorchester writes: "I eagerly seized this book—'William Butler: The Founder of Two Missions'—as soon as it came from the press, and read it with intense interest. Dr. Butler was a man of strong personality, and his whole being was consecrated to Christian missions. The religious element is so intense and abiding that it makes a book of rare spirituality and power—the most spiritual book I have read in a long time. It is a means of grace to the reader, and an inspirer of the noblest propagandism. Missionary zeal and contributions will multiply among its readers. The religious life of Dr. Butler was of the most genuine type. His motto ever was, 'For me to live is Christ.' The incidents of the book are so numerous and lively as to sustain the reader's interest, page after page. I know of no nobler missionary record. It should be in every Sunday-school library, in every Epworth League list, and in every home. No more appropriate Christmas gift could be made. It will carry a sweet savor wherever it goes."

Knoxville, Tenn.

REV. L. B. RATES, D. D.

Having just returned from a fifteen days' visit with the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Knoxville, Tenn., Rev. Charles M. Hall, pastor, permit me to report concerning his work in the Southland. He is giving his time, his ability, himself, to the salvation of souls and to the upbuilding of Christ's church. During his pastorate there of not quite two years he has received nearly one hundred new members into the church in full membership, beside a large number of probationers. He has won the hearts of the people, and they love him for his faithfulness and devotion to the work of the Master.

Knoxville has about 35,000 inhabitants, with an additional suburban population of 15,000. About one-fifth of this number are colored. The city is noted for its large number of

churches. The Methodist denomination alone, including the Southern and Colored branches, has twelve different churches, and they are all doing good work for the Master's kingdom.

Mr. Hall's church cost about \$60,000, and by Jan. 1, 1903, they are hoping to clear it of all indebtedness. By throwing open the Sabbath-school class rooms, the church will accommodate 1,500 people. It has the largest auditorium of any church in the city; it is emphatically a People's Church. A great field is before this people, and by the united effort of pastor and people there is rich promise for a near future. A new railroad is about to enter the city, and it now looks as if in ten years Knoxville would become more and more the great centre of power for Eastern Tennessee.

At the close of a series of two weeks' Gospel services with this people, I rejoice to say that in every service the Divine presence was manifested, and many were helped on "the way."

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Vinalhaven.—All goes well here. The pastor, Rev. R. A. Colpitts, finds a people who have a mind to work, and every interest is carefully regarded. Seven have been baptized, and 5 have been added to the church. The Sunday-school is doing well. The prospects for the winter campaign are encouraging. The Cradle Roll is a success. A Home Department is to be in-

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augurated. The Christian Endeavor Society is doing good work on spiritual lines. Social services are largely attended. Large congregations continue to greet the pastor. "Enthusiasm in anything for the church" seems to express the case.

Thomaston.—Spiritual life is improving. Special services have been held, with Miss Nellie D. Thompson as evangelist. Good work has been accomplished. As a preacher Miss Thompson is spiritual, practical, plain, forceful, fearless. Material interests in the church are being cared for. For painting \$336 have been raised, making the church clean and attractive in appearance and a credit to Methodism. The Sunday-school is gaining. The class-meeting is well attended. The Sunday-school is gaining. The class-meeting is well attended. The Sunday evening services especially are large in attendance and profitable.

Pemaquid.—Rev. A. J. Lockhart, than whom no pastor is more faithful in service, continues to edify all who attend church on this interesting circuit, and there is a goodly number. But

"More people ought to go to church," is the pastor's cry. It is true of many another church. The Ladies' Circle is raising money to paint the church and the parsonage. The Epworth League takes the service on alternate Sunday evenings.

Round Pond Circuit.—Fine work has been done at Bristol Mills in painting the church. The money is raised and the work paid for. Repairs on the church at Round Pond are contemplated. The church life is on the gain. The Sunday-school holds a missionary service once a month. The parsonage has been newly shingled. The ladies furnished the "sinews of war." Rev. T. W. Hunter is alive to every interest, and believes in grit and push.

Damariscotta and Mills.—Services at each part of the charge are well and increasingly attended. An augmenting interest is manifested. The church at the Mills has been newly shingled. The parsonage at Damariscotta has been painted. In improvements \$100 has been expended. The Sunday-school and the Epworth League are doing well.

very good church edifice, three trustees, and one steward. Is the church organized? There are plenty of people. They will go to church. Will they support a pastor? We wish we could unite the island with some reachable point, and make it part of a charge. Where is a young man of piety, brains, grit, gumption and perseverance who will take hold of this work and build it up? Let him write to Mr. Fred S. Bailey, of Westport, and to the elder of Rockland District.

Bremen Circuit.—On our visit to this field we found Rev. J. N. Atwood just returned from the Itinerants' Institute at Orono. We were glad to find it so. If anything excuses a young preacher from his pastorate it is the call of the Conference to examinations at the Institute; for it is duty. The work on the circuit is getting into shape. Mr. Atwood is appreciated for his "unlaxness," cheery endurance, plain and direct preaching, and genial personality. The work will prosper under his care.

Rockport.—A monotony of good reports. But no one objects to it. Congregations are large, with fine social and class-meetings. In-

Wiscasset.—Rev. G. G. Winslow, by faithful persistence, is gaining on many difficulties. The people esteem him highly. Sunday services are increasing in numbers and interest. The Sunday-school is advancing. Books are to be purchased at Birch Point. The benevolences are being presented.

Sheepscot Circuit.—The Sunday-school at South Newcastle has been closed for the winter. The Sunday-school at West Alna proposes to keep awake through snow time. The pastor is a busy man, looking after the varied interests of a large territory. An old debt of \$100 has been canceled through the liberality of Mr. F. L. Carney. Mr. B. W. Donnell (Uncle Ben) proposes a like donation on another hundred-dollar debt. Benevolences are being gathered in. Special services are in view.

Woolwich.—The pastor, Rev. L. G. March, has quite recovered from his recent illness, and is endeavoring to "make up time." There is much to encourage a preacher on this charge. The elder always has a good time. The people are cordial, good listeners, appreciative, and not unenthusiastic. With the pastor able to get among his people again we hope to see a strong and progressive work on the charge this winter.

Georgetown and Arrowsic.—Rev. F. A. Martyr is laboring with earnest zeal among the people of these islands. Progress in many directions is materializing. A steady boarding-place would add much to the comfort of the pastor and to the efficiency of his work. A boarding-place—or a wife—for a good man ought to be provided, especially when that man is a pastor.

Westport.—Rev. F. A. Martyr accompanied us to this appointment. We walked a mile over the pastures, borrowed a boat and rowed a mile, then walked two and a half miles to the church, took tea with the sister of an old and esteemed friend in South Portland. The elder preached to a congregation excellent in size and quality. Then the two of us walked two and a half miles and rowed two miles to our night's destination, purposing to return the borrowed boat in the morning. Westport has no pastor and no organized church. There is a

insurance has been attended to at a cost of \$60. A new furnace has been put into the church at a cost of \$65. The Sunday-school is alive and on the up-grade. The Epworth League is doing well. The Junior League is prosperous. Pastor Gray never has an evil report; neither are the reports padded.

Union.—The people of Union felt that that last report of the elder was "ancient history," for before it came out that church had been "pushed" till the outside was nearly completed, paint and all. If the pushing process is continued, the vestries will be ready for occupancy before the new year, and the whole ready for dedication before Conference. "So mought it be." And it will be a splendid acquisition, admirable in architecture, faithful in workmanship, slated roof, illuminated with acetylene gas—all that is needed, all that ought to be desired; ample of vestries, lecture-room and auditorium, roomy enough—a foot less of space would make it pinched. Other interests are not suffering. Special meetings have been held by Miss Nellie Thompson under direction of the pastor. Services at present are held in the Congregational church by the kind courtesy of that people. Services are alive. The Sunday-school is kept up with vigor. The Epworth League proposes to raise \$100 for a memorial window.

T. F. J.

Bucksport District

Lubec.—We were not able to have a service at West Lubec, the new chapel not being heated or seated; so we were content to put in an evening in council with the officials. We hope to dedicate next quarter. The second day on this charge we walked with the pastor, Rev. C. L. Banghart, to South Lubec, and put in the day calling on shut-ins and old people. The attendance at evening service was diminished by rain, but we had a good service. We put in a third day and night at Lubec village. The finances are in good condition here. A splendid quartet, including the pastor's wife, makes the music of this church a great delight.

Eastport.—Many of our people here have felt somewhat cramped, financially, by the short fish season, but Rev. F. D. Handy and family are proving to be "workmen that need not be ashamed," and the church is gaining in confidence and expectation. The Cradle Roll and other new features have been introduced into the Sunday-school. The primary department, with three or four teachers, is quite a school of itself. Fine classes of young people are found in Sunday-school here. The young people also furnish a good choir for church services.

South Robinson and Perry.—Rev. C. A. Purdy met us at Perry, and we took dinner in the hospitable home of the "village blacksmith," John McDormer, who has pounded out many a dollar for the Methodist Episcopal Church on his anvil. He is greatly grieved over the possibility of our little church there being sold for debt. We were not able to have a service there, so we pushed on to South Robinson Ridge, advertising ourselves, as we went, to preach in the evening. We put our second night at North Perry, where there will be a chapel erected before long, and gave a third night at the Ridge. We took dinner at the home of Rev. Frederick Hodgson, local preacher and one-time shepherd of South Robinson flock, and were privileged to baptize his two children—Kate and Frederick. We also met Mrs. Hodgson's aunt, Mrs. Rachel McCallum, a long-time successful evangelist, now 83 years of age, but "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." She was a benediction to us. Mrs. M. L. Jones of this place watches for ZION'S HERALD, and keeps up her old-time interest in the church, though unable to get out much now. Rev. C. A. Purdy feels that he will not be able to remain on this charge longer, but the prospect for another year is better than when he took it.

Edmunds Circuit.—Rev. O. G. Barnard is caring for Edmunds, South Edmunds, Marion and Cutler. He wrote us that we were down for six preaching efforts, from Saturday to Tuesday night, and added: "If this isn't sufficient, I might be able to find another school-house point or two for you." We were content with the six, and more than pleased with the condition of the circuit as a whole. The church at Edmunds has been repainted outside and in, and other improvements made. The parsonage also has been thoroughly overhauled and put in prime condition outside and in. At Cutler a newly-shingled roof on the church, and other improvements, tell of the same man-

ter hand at work there. Finances are well in hand. Business prospects are brightening a little at South Edmunds. Cutler is improving. Persistent, hard work tells.

FRANK LESLIE.

Bangor District

Hodgdon and Linneus.—The elder found the pastor in a new home in Hodgdon. The parsonage in Linneus has been sold, and a house bought in Hodgdon. This makes the work much more convenient and saves many miles of travel, especially on Sunday. Pastor Moore has worked hard to bring about this result, and will have, when the buildings are complete, a property among the best in Aroostook. The spiritual interests are increasing, and some have said, "Pray for us." The people deserve great credit for the splendid rally they have made to bring these better things to pass.

Monticello and Littleton.—The elder was here made aware of the rapid changes that take place in a community. His first appointment in the East Maine Conference was at this place. Then U. G. Lyons, M. H. Sipprelle, T. S. Ross and J. A. Weed resided within the bounds of this charge, all of whom became members of the East Maine Conference.

Bridgewater.—Rain and mud and darkness all combined to cut into the service, but some devout listeners came, and a pleasant service was held. Finances are well in hand.

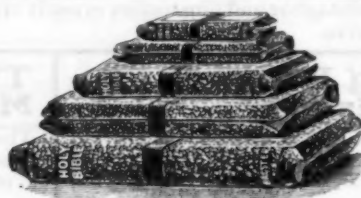
Mapleton.—Pastor Palmer is pushing the work to the best of his ability. Three of his children have suffered with typhoid fever, but are now recovered. The pastor's salary is well paid and good feeling prevails.

Washburn.—The elder had to cross the Aroostook River on the way to Washburn in a small boat in the midst of rapidly running anchor ice. The boatman asked: "Are you afraid to be drowned this morning?" We had no special longing for a watery grave, but took courage to cross. The pastor, Rev. I. G. Cheney, was hanging a new bell, which called the people to worship. In the afternoon Rev. N. R. Pearson preached a thoughtful sermon, and a helpful and precious communion service followed. A sadness rests over all the society because of the death of William Shaw, an aged and beloved member of the church. We missed him from the quarterly conference, from the audience, and wherever spiritual activities are maintained in the church. In the evening subscrip-

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tions were taken for missions, and last year's gifts were increased 50 per cent.

Caribou.—Thanksgiving Day services were held in the afternoon in the interest of missions. Quarterly conference followed, at which the pastor's salary was increased to \$1,000. Thank-offerings were taken and a good sum realized. Methodism in Caribou is lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes for larger things.

Limestone.—Storm and snow and blow, and no service. Pastor Hatch is of good courage. The work is doing well.

Sprague's Mills and Easton.—It was a great pleasure to be associated for the day (Nov. 30) with Rev. W. S. Jones, father of Pastor Jones. Though superannuated, he still feels the youthful and fresh spirit of those to whom the Spirit of God is precious. The missionary gifts of last year will be nearly doubled. BRIGGS.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Lewiston District

Norway.—It is safe to say that in all our Conference there is not a church where happier relations exist between pastor and people than here. During the two and a half years of Rev. B. F. Fickett's pastorate more than two hundred have been at the altar seeking salvation. The population is not a settled one, however; but the best thing possible is done by following these people with letters, etc. The Sunday-school averages 83. One has recently joined on probation, and 3 in full from probation. All the social meetings are well sustained. The League has 53 active members. The Junior League is a power for good. Finances are well up. On decision day two young ladies took a stand on the Lord's side. Mrs. Fickett is a great worker.

South Paris.—Here, too, we find harmony and prosperity. The new system of finance works to a charm, all bills being paid to date. Rev. A. W. Pottle has executive as well as preaching and pastoral ability. His wife is a good second in church work. All the interests of the church are on the up-grade. A fine course of lectures, financially successful, ending with a concert, has just closed, under the auspices of the League.

West Paris.—On Nov. 16 and 17 an old-fashioned quarterly meeting was held. Rev. R. A. Rich put time and energy into the arrangements; the Lord gave fine weather, and the plan was a success. Saturday afternoon the quarterly conference was held, and in the evening the elder preached at North Paris. On Sunday the people came from all parts of the large charge. The early morning love-feast was largely attended, and was a season of great interest. This was followed by a sermon by the elder. Nearly every seat was taken. At 1.30 the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, followed by another sermon by the elder. There was scarcely any falling off in numbers. Miss Minard, now more than eighty years old, was present and assisted in the service. A largely-attended prayer-meeting in the evening was conducted by the elder, while Mr. Rich preached at North Paris, where he was holding special services. Do you ask how this large congregation was secured, and this enthusiasm generated? I am glad to tell you: The pastor sent out a circular letter to every member of his church whose address he could learn; and, as "confession is good for the soul," we will confess that we prepared one new sermon for the occasion! And the Lord did help us. If we do our part, how sure He is to do His. Finances are well up, and things are moving finely. Pastor and wife are in labors abundant.

Lisbon Falls.—Things are looking up. Congregations are good, and so is the courage of the people. Recently 9 have been baptized, 5 received on probation, and 3 in full. A fine new carpet has been laid in the audience-room, and the old one has been put upon the vestry floor. Money is being raised for further improvements. The Sunday-school, League, etc., are doing well. Finances are in an unusually good condition. On Sunday morning, Nov. 23, Wesley A., the six-year-old child of Rev. H. A. Peare, the pastor, was called home after four and a half years of sickness with paralysis. All this time these parents have watched over this little sufferer day and night with a patience and faithfulness rarely equaled. On Wednesday, Nov. 26 the presiding elder conducted the funeral service at

the church. He was assisted by the local pastors. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. The interment was in Greene beside the little sister who died with the same disease.

Lewiston, Hammond St.—During the Conference year 25 have sought the Lord—half or more of this number within a few weeks. On the evening of Nov. 21 a party from this church visited Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bartlett. When this presiding elder was pastor of this church, and years before and after, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were among the most constant attendants and generous supporters. For a long time Mr. Bartlett has been confined to his bed, and is not in as good financial circumstances as formerly. Churches are too apt to neglect these shut-in ones. We were glad to join the company.

Brunswick.—The parsonage has been connected with the sewer, the pastor easily raising the money by subscription; and the Ladies' Circle, which is a very energetic body, is having a bath room finished. It will be a great improvement. The cost will be about \$150, and the money is in sight.

The Oxford Club.—We had the pleasure of meeting with this club at the West Paris parsonage, Nov. 10. After a social hour, and such a dinner as Mrs. Rich is able to provide, a public meeting was held in the church, and the question, "What is the Kind of Revival Needed, and How can it be Secured?" was earnestly discussed. It was a very interesting occasion.

Personal.—Rev. I. Luce preached at Park St. Church, and at Lisbon, Nov. 16, and Rev. D. Onstott on Nov. 23; and on the evening of Nov. 24 Mr. Onstott gave his lecture on "The Battle of Waterloo." It was very carefully prepared and eloquently delivered, receiving and meriting generous applause. A. S. L.

Augusta District

Buckfield.—This old and worn-out field is being cared for by Rev. H. C. Munson, who is doing well with what he has to do with. Discouragements are more plentiful than helps, yet he holds on by a faith that takes hold on God. He was once a Universalist, but no minister in our church, I venture to say, preaches a Gospel with more Christ in it to save by repentance of sin and salvation in His name than this man, and no one loves the Methodist Episcopal Church more. He is worthy of a much better appointment. Dissensions and disagreements have disrupted and hindered the work here in the long past. May the good Lord save us from family feuds and give us grace to live by, and dying grace will not be wanting.

Livermore and Hartford.—We have no friction here. Instead, "behold how these people love one another," and work together for the good of humanity and the glory of God. Rev. F. H. Hall is much in the hearts of the people, and they are with him and with each other. Bills are nearly all paid to date. The church edifice is being repaired and improved by shingling, frescoing, etc., and will present a nice appearance when done. Good religious interest prevails, and several new ones are on the way in the Lord. More next time.

Monmouth.—This grand old field of Methodism is on the up-grade, and bids fair to be conspicuous in the future as it has been in the past. Rev. H. E. Nichols is on his fifth year, and it is the best of all. He has a class of eight boys and girls whom he is training for the Master's use. This is right. Gather the children into classes and teach them the doctrines and discipline of our church. Congregations are large and religious interest good. The people and pastor enjoy worshipping in their remodeled and beautified church. Current expenses are well up, and benevolences are receiving due attention. There is a hopeful outlook for the future.

Winthrop.—Rev. T. N. Kewley is on his first year with this people, and is fast winning his way into their hearts. Four have been taken on probation, and there has been one conversion. Good congregations greet the pastor morning and evening. Here is a kind-hearted people, and they have no quarrels among themselves. Comforting reports were given at the last quarterly conference. Finances are in fairly good condition. We are expecting good things, and more of them, to report during the balance of this year.

Special.—DEAR BRETHREN: As I think you know, a few more ZION'S HERALDS on every charge would help your work. We urge you to

keep pushing our church paper. We still find many homes that do not have our *own* church paper, and we regret that we are obliged to call your attention to the fact that many of our church officials do not take ZION'S HERALD. Why is it so? Also many League members do not take the *Epworth Herald*. Some Leagues have not a single *Herald*. If they could know the value of this paper, we think they would take it. C. A. S.

Portland District

Kezar Falls.—Rev. F. C. Potter enjoyed the rare privilege of attending the Cleveland Convention. He was full of missionary enthusiasm before he went, but now he overflows, and is willing to bless the churches to the extent of his strength by telling of that great meeting. He expects to raise \$100 for benevolences this year, and doubtless will succeed. The Epworth League is working all departments vigorously. Cottage meetings are held with the shut-ins every Sabbath. The sick and poor are visited and helped. The Junior League, under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Potter, is doing good work. Special meetings are being held, church members are becoming revived, and two persons have been soundly converted. The church has been lighted with electricity at a cost of \$90.

Cornish.—Rev. C. H. Young has not been enjoying the best of health, but is carrying on his church work vigorously. He gets physical exercise in building an automobile, with improvements of his own invention. The Epworth League is doing excellent work in cottage meetings and visits to the needy ones, furnishing food and other necessary things. A special feature is their circulating library, made up of books loaned and purchased. There are thousands of books idly resting on shelves that might be utilized in this way. Other chapters might profitably do likewise.

Cape Porpoise.—The pastor, Rev. I. A. Bean, is encouraged by large congregations and some revival interest. The church edifice is much improved by the beautiful tower which has been built at a cost of about \$600. In it has been placed a fine-toned bell, from the McShane foundry, weighing 1,250 pounds. It is the gift of Hon. Frank A. Allen, of Cambridge, Mass. His son, Herbert L. Allen, crowned the tower with one of the best vanes made. The people of the community have good reason to be proud of their church building. The pastor conducts a children's meeting, in which much interest is manifested.

Biddeford.—Rev. C. W. Bradlee recently entertained the members of his Conference class.

A SOLDIER'S FOE

Knocked Down by Unsuspected Enemy

Coffee so affects the brain and nerves that proper nutrition is interfered with, and the final ending is frequently nervous prostration.

"During the Spanish-American war I went with my troop to Chickamauga," says Lieut. J. G. Talbot, of Springfield, Ill. "If there is any one place on earth where one drinks more coffee than another it is in the army. It is a soldier's 'back bone,' and I can assure you that I drank my share. After several months of hard drilling my health gave out, the chief cause being coffee, bad food, over-exertion, and heat.

"On the advice of the surgeon, I tendered my resignation, and with my heart full of regret and my nervous system shattered, I returned home. Almost the first thing the doctor whom I consulted advised me was to quit coffee. That was the first intimation I had that coffee had anything to do with my condition. The next thing was, 'What shall I drink?'

"My wife's mother used your Postum Food Coffee and knew how to make it right, so I tried it and grew very fond of it. My nervous trouble soon left; my old-time health came back, and that fall I gained so in flesh that the boys, on returning after 'muster out,' hardly knew me. Quitting coffee and using Postum did wonders for me."

who joined the Maine Conference in 1875. There were present Revs. Geo. C. Andrews, Sylvester Hooper, and Rev. I. Luce, who was presiding elder of Meares, Bradlee and Andrews. The wives of all were also there. They report a pleasant time, and plan for an annual meeting.

Portland, Pine St.—A large company cordially received Rev. J. F. Haley and family on Thursday evening, Dec. 4. The vestry was finely decorated, and refreshments served. Pastors of other denominations were present to extend a welcome. The large delegation from Chestnut Street, the mother church, was especially gratifying. Speeches of welcome were given by the presiding elder, by Dr. Smith Baker of Williston Church, and by Rev. W. S. Bovard, and a fitting response was made by Dr. Haley. The Pine St. people feel much encouraged by the auspicious opening of the new pastorate. Social meetings are well attended and interesting. It is the universal opinion that the right man has taken the leadership, and that this church will become a power in this section of the city. E. O. T.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Chilmark.—Under the careful direction of Rev. B. F. Raynor, pastor, this charge is maintaining its name as one of the most steady-going in the Conference. Although the people are widely scattered, the public services are well sustained and the spiritual life of the church has much of promise in it.

Palmouth.—This church has regretfully but cheerfully given up its pastor, who was wanted for important work elsewhere. W. E. Plaxton, a student in Boston University, has been placed in charge, and has begun his work under favorable auspices.

Provincetown, Centenary.—On Sunday, Nov. 9, the pastor, Rev. L. H. Massey, had the pleasure of receiving 8 probationers into full membership. Five others were duly recommended, but were unable to be present on account of illness or absence from town. Eleven children are still on probation and are in training for full membership. Quite extended repairs are being made on the roof of the church edifice.

Provincetown, Centre.—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has organized the "Standard Bearers," a missionary society for young people. Miss Jennie Freeman is superintendent. The members number nearly forty.

Wareham and East Wareham.—At each end of this double charge the pastor, Rev. G. W. Elmer, is preaching a series of sermons on the Bible, in which he discusses some of the practical aspects of the relation of the Scripture to human life. The improvements in the house of worship at East Wareham are being rapidly advanced, and the re-dedication services are expected to take place on Sunday, Dec. 14.

Fall River, First Church.—The new pastor, Rev. Thomas Tyrie, and his family have been warmly welcomed by this staunch old church. A formal reception was given them at the church on Wednesday evening, Nov. 12. A very large company was present to give personal greetings to the new comers. The address of welcome was made by the veteran class-leader, Wm. H. Holt. A few evenings later the Junior League tendered them a second reception at the Deaconess Home. This was a delightful occasion, and one which proves how quickly Mr. Tyrie has become the children's pastor. On the night of the latter of these receptions about seventy members of the choir and of the church and congregation surprised the organist and choirmaster, Mr. Wm. A. Whitworth, as he entered the church for the weekly rehearsal. He was just completed ten years of service, and these friends made the event memorable by planning an evening of social delights and presenting a music cabinet to him as a testimonial of appreciation. After many years of faithful service as superintendent of the pri-

mary department of the Sunday-school, Mrs. Lucy Fothergill resigned some weeks since. The work has been taken up by Miss A. L. Mattox, the deaconess of First Church, and a Christian worker of great fidelity and usefulness.

Fairhaven.—In the early part of this month 12 persons became members of this church. Eleven of these had recently become residents of the town and brought certificates of membership with them. The other one was received from probation. The spiritual life of the church is good. On Decision Day in the Sunday-school a short time ago five young people expressed a desire to be Christians. The material improvements in the church edifice are progressing rapidly. IRVING.

Norwich District

Rockville.—The Woman's Home Missionary Society of Norwich District held its annual convention with this church on Wednesday, Nov. 19. The devotional services were conducted by Rev. W. P. Buck, pastor of the church. Addresses of welcome were given by Mrs. Buck and Mrs. T. J. Everett, to which Mrs. S. K. Luce and Mrs. Costello Lippitt responded. The treasurer's report showed that \$527.30 had been raised during the year. The secretary reported 86 auxiliaries and 742 members. Interesting reports were presented from the auxiliaries in Stafford Springs, New London, South Manchester, Norwich, Hazardville, and Willimantic. Mrs. Troland read an excellent paper on the Medical Mission in Boston. Mrs. G. M. Hamlen spoke of the important work of the Kinsey Industrial Home in Kinsey, Ala. Supplies valued at \$276.62 have been sent to the frontier, the poor whites in the South, and other places. Officers for the year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. S. K. Luce, of Niantic; vice-president, Mrs. L. F. Patten, of Stafford Springs; corresponding secretary, Mrs. David Gordon, of Hazardville; treasurer, Mrs. C. L. Harwood, of Norwich; secretary of mite-boxes and papers, Mrs. John M. Morgan, of Norwich; secretary of young people's work, Mrs. Patten, of Stafford Springs.

Norwich.—The Epworth League of Trinity Church recently gave a reception to the district officers, which was an occasion of much profit and enjoyment to all. In the afternoon the cabinet met and considered the interests of the work in the different departments throughout the district. After a bountiful supper a social hour was enjoyed. In the evening a number of Epworthians from New London came by special invitation. Mrs. T. J. Everett, superintendent of Junior Work, gave an excellent address on the work and possibilities of that all-important field. The cabinet officers then

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lined up and received, with a hearty handshake, all the members present. "A grand time" is the universal verdict. The New London League has invited the cabinet for Dec. 15, and will invite the neighboring Leagues to enjoy the occasion with them.

Jewett City.—All departments of the work are prospering under the efficient labors of the faithful pastor, Rev. H. E. Murkett, and his heroic people. At the November communion, 6 were baptized and 7 received into church membership from probation. The outlook is promising for a good, healthy work throughout the winter.

East Hampton.—Nov. 23 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union attended the church in a body, and interesting temperance services were held both morning and evening. The pastor, Rev. R. E. Schuh, received one person on probation.

Wapping.—Two weeks of special revival services were held in November, with gratifying results. Revs. C. T. Hatch, W. J. Smith, W. P. Buck, and T. J. Everett, neighboring pastors, assisted the pastor, Rev. E. W. Burch, in the opening of the work. Later, Presiding Elder Bartholomew gave several evenings to the work, already under good headway, and the power of God was manifest in the conversion of several young men, the quickening of believers, and the reclaiming of backsliders. Nov. 30, 6 were received on probation, and there are more to follow. The Junior League has recently upholstered the pulpit furniture, and other repairs are in contemplation. A new organ has been purchased for the vestry. Sunday evening preaching, in place of a League prayer-meeting, is a new departure for this church, and meets with universal favor. The League will hold its devotional meeting on Thursday evenings.

Willimantic.—Sunday, Nov. 23, was observed as Old Folks' Day. The pastor, Rev. J. H. Newland, preached a very helpful and inspiring sermon from the text, "At evening-time it shall be light." In the evening the Sunday-school held a harvest concert. The prayer and class-meetings are well sustained in this church.

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Going to Bed Hungry

It Is All Wrong and Man Is the Only Creature That Does It

The complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met with. There is a perpetual change of tissues in the body, sleeping or waking, and the supply of nourishment ought to be somewhat continuous, and food taken just before retiring adds more tissue than is destroyed, and increased weight and vigor is the result. Dr. W. T. Cathell says: "All animals except man eat before sleep, and there is no reason in Nature why man should form the exception to the rule."

If people who are thin, nervous and sleepless would take a light lunch of bread and milk, or oatmeal and cream, and at the same time take a safe, harmless stomach remedy like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in order to aid the stomach in digesting it, the result will be a surprising increase in weight, strength, and general vigor. The only drawback has been that thin, nervous, dyspeptic people cannot digest and assimilate wholesome food at night or any other time. For such it is absolutely necessary to use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they will digest the food, no matter how weak the stomach may be, nourishing the body and resting the stomach at the same time.

Dr. Stevenson says: "I depend almost entirely upon Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in treating indigestion, because it is not a quack nostrum, and I know just what they contain, a combination of vegetable essences, pure pepsin, and they cure Dyspepsia and stomach troubles, because they can't help but cure." Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. They are in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and contain nothing but pure pepsin, vegetable essences and bismuth, scientifically compounded. Your druggist will tell you they give universal satisfaction.

and are of deep spiritual interest. The pastor is abundant in labors, and is deservedly popular with his people. SCRIPTUM.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston Preachers' Meeting. — President Davis was in the chair. Rev. Daniel Richards, of Somerville, who completed his 83d year on the 9th, led the devotions. Rev. W. J. Heath read an obituary of Rev. E. A. Smith, who has lately entered heaven. Dean Buell, of the School of Theology, gave an address on "A Real Christ a Necessity for the Methodist Preacher." In a characteristic way he partially elaborated his theme, and finished it by presenting the new and very engaging plan by which it is intended to found a "Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching" in the School of Theology. President Warren, of Boston University, endorsed the movement by encouraging words, and Rev. Franklin Hamilton spoke on the peculiar work of Jesse Lee in inaugurating the Methodist movement in Boston.

Next Monday Rev. L. H. Dorchester will give an essay on "The Messiah of Prophecy," along the line of Advent truths now being so impressively presented at the Preachers' Meeting.

Cambridge District

First Church, Somerville. — Rev. Dr. A. B. Kendig spent Sunday with this church, and the services were an inspiration to all the people who heard him. In the morning Dr. Kendig spoke on the subject, "Men's Work for Men." The brethren present were deeply moved by his earnest words, and at the close many of the strong men of the church came forward and took his hand as a pledge of faithful work for men. In the evening he spoke to parents and children on the word "Come," and when he applied it as a personal invitation to all present to come nearer to Christ, children and adults crowded around the altar as an indication of their intention to faithfully follow Jesus Christ. Dr. Kendig has lost none of his power as an evangelist — in fact, he has ripened with age. His faithful preaching, clear illustration, earnest methods, and consecrated tact are sure to prove a blessing wherever he goes.

Broadway, Somerville. — A quiet, healthy work has been in progress for a month at this

church. Twenty-six seekers have been at the altar, nearly all of them men and boys. On Sunday last the pastor, Rev. N. B. Fisk, received 6 of these on probation, one a most remarkable case — a man seventy-eight years of age and his son fifty-six. The father had not been at church for fifty years and the son for fifteen years until Old Folks' Day, the last Sunday in October; but on that day both were converted, and were received on probation, Dec. 7; also 5 were received by letter. The outlook is good.

Gardner. — Very interesting and enjoyable jubilee services were held at this church, Nov. 23 and 24, in connection with the payment of the indebtedness on the church property. The present pastor, Rev. John H. Mansfield, "who always brings things to pass," is entitled to very great credit for the result. In all, \$3,500 has been paid during his pastorate. Rev. S. C. Cary gave a fine historical account of Methodism in that region and of the Gardner church, and Rev. E. R. Thorndike, D. D., preached a very strong and interesting sermon in the evening. Monday evening there was a banquet, with addresses by Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Mansfield, Rev. L. P. Causey, the pastor, and others, concluding with the burning of the mortgage. The past month 8 have been taken into the church in full, 4 on probation, and 6 by letter.

Lynn District

Danvers. — The 30th anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Danvers was observed with appropriate services, Nov. 26. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 10.30 A. M., Rev. Garrett Beekman, a former pastor, preached an able and timely sermon on "The Undying Man." At 7 P. M., a historical address was delivered by the pastor, Rev. George E. Sanderson. Addresses were also given by Rev. W. M. Ayres, a former pastor, and Rev. Garrett Beekman. Nov. 4 was Epworth League evening. Rev. Charles A. Littlefield, of Lynn, gave a very helpful address on "The Young People We Ought to Be." Nov. 6, the anniversary banquet was held. About 150 sat down to the tables, laden with good things. Following the banquet the company repaired to the audience-room of the church, where an address of welcome was given by the pastor. Rev. W. M. Ayres read letters from Rev. H. H. Palne and Rev. H. B. King, former pastors, and from Mrs. Mary G. Hodge and Mrs. Sophia Merrill, wives of deceased former pastors, and Mr. Bennett E. Titus, a former member and now editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*. Words of greeting were spoken by Dr. W. W. Eaton, of Danvers, a member of the building committee; Matthew Robson, of Wesley Church, Salem; and Revs. W. J. Hambleton, W. M. Ayres, J. H. Thompson, L. W. Adams, and W. F. Lawford. Sunday, Nov. 9, the vestry of the church, which has been newly frescoed and improved, was reopened with a sermon by the pastor on "Reasons for Church-going." W.

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W. F. M. S. — The quarterly meeting of the Cambridge District W. F. M. S., held at Woburn, Nov. 20, was one of helpfulness and encouragement. Among the many good things of the morning session were: the report of children's work by the superintendent, Miss Elizabeth Wood; the reports from the various Young Women's auxiliaries; the solo by Miss Louise Wheeler; and "Tidings from the Branch Annual and the Executive meeting." Regret was expressed at the resignation of the corresponding secretary, Miss Grace G. Smith; and her successor, Mrs. Helena L. Collyer, was presented.

The afternoon program was an inspiration throughout. The report of the Executive meeting at Minneapolis by Miss Butler; Rev. A. P. Sharp's address on "The Open Door of Opportunity"; Miss Dausforth's stirring words on the sacrifices and compensations of missionary work; and the solo and chorus so beautifully rendered by Woburn's Standard Bearers, awakened an added responsibility in every heart. A very fitting closing was Miss Butler's touching appeal for special prayer for all who long to go as missionaries and for the dear ones left behind.

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Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, whitens the teeth, and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

The New York Sun reports that "the prohibition measure submitted to popular vote in the Province of Ontario, Dec. 4, under the referendum system to decide on the question of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, was defeated in a decisive manner."

CHURCH REGISTER

LEWISTON DISTRICT.—It seems to me that our district ought to enthuse over the idea of establishing a Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching, and over the concerted plan of holding special revival services the last days of the year. Let us fall into line with all the rest of New England!

A. S. L.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY REUNION will be held at Hotel Nottingham, Huntington Avenue, Dec. 29. Reception, 5.30. Banquet, 6.30. All students ever at Wilbraham are invited to attend. Change of address of any alumni will be gratefully noted by the secretary, or contributions from those unable to attend, to whom

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The manufacturers of Liquid Veneer will send you, free of charge and postage paid, a sample bottle of this celebrated and remarkable preparation, providing you send in your name and address at once and mention ZION'S HERALD.

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a full account of banquet will be sent printed in the *Garnet and Blue*, the Wesleyan Academy paper.

Dedham, Mass.

ELSIE H. A. VIRGIN, Sec.

Among the novelties in China and Glass are the new subjects of Wedgewood old blue historical plates—Elmwood, the Chew House, Philadelphia, Harvard Gate, etc.—advertised elsewhere by Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, whose exhibit at this season attracts those who are interested in seeing the newest things in ceramics.

The Christmas Dinner

In spite of the fact that the word *dyspepsia* means literally *bad cook*, it will not be fair for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for *any* to do that—let us hope so for the sake of the cook! The disease *dyspepsia* indicates a *bad stomach*, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures *dyspepsia*, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

BOSTON METHODIST SOCIAL UNION.—At the December meeting, the 15th (a full notice of which appeared last week), before the business session, Rev. Charles E. Davis, of Tremont St. Church, will speak upon "The Outlook for Boston Methodism."

ALPHA CHAPTER, of the School of Theology of Boston University, will hold its monthly reunion at the Crawford House, Boston, on Monday, Dec. 15, at 12.30 p. m. Dinner will be served on the European plan, and Prof. Mitchell will deliver an address entitled, "A Year's Residence in Jerusalem." As a large number are expected to be present, it is desirable that all shall assemble promptly at the hour mentioned.

A. M. OSGOOD, Secretary.

For Distress After Eating

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It relieves immediately, by stimulating the secretion of the digestive fluids. Makes the digestion natural and easy.

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONGRESS.—The members of the Cabinet of the First General Conference District Epworth League desire to express their sincere appreciation of the invaluable assistance of the Boston local committee in helping to carry to such eminent success the recent Epworth League Congress in People's Temple. We are especially grateful for the tireless services of Rev. Geo. F. Durgin, chairman of the local committee, Miss Margaret Nichols, secretary, and Mr. Wendell H. Brayton, treasurer. Signed for the Cabinet,

FRANKLIN HAMILTON, Pres.
LEON DORR, Sec.

Cow's Milk

for infant feeding must first take into account the source of supply. The milk must come from a healthy, well-fed, well-groomed herd of cows under hygienic supervision. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared under highest scientific methods.

Thanksgiving at Epworth Settlement

The work of providing the worthy poor with dinners was more than double this year what it has been any previous year, owing to the fact many poor families, formerly cared for by an organization no longer working in the North End, now look to us for help. Sixty-five worthy families of our neighborhood were remembered with a chicken or turkey and the "fixins" of a good dinner. This does not include the many families provided for by the Medical Mission, which would swell the number to over eighty families. The vegetables and groceries were furnished by the League,

There Is a Cure

for every stomach trouble, including all forms of indigestion or dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach and flatulence in stomach and bowels. This remedy has never failed to cure the most distressing and stubborn cases.

This remedy will cure any case of constipation, to stay cured, so that you are free from that trouble in a week.

The name of this remarkable remedy is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine.

Any reader of ZION'S HERALD may have a small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, 101 to 107 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y. It cures catarrh of the stomach, flatulence, indigestion, constipation of the bowels, congestion of the kidneys and inflammation of the bladder. One dose a day does the work quickly, thoroughly and permanently.

This remedy for sale by all leading druggists.

churches, and public schools, but the fowl had to be bought, and cost us over \$60.

Capt. Kimball and the officers of Police Station 1 were very generous in their co-operation, as each officer sent us a list of the destitute poor on his beat. The Associated Charities of Dist. 6 likewise aided us in seeking out the most worthy poor, and both organizations showed their active sympathy and support of our work by securing for us the cash and supplies necessary to provide for many of the families.

Had it not been for the generous aid from these two sources, we should have had to deny to many poor their only hope of a Thanksgiving dinner. As it is, we are about \$20 short of covering all expenses, in spite of the fact that we received nearly \$40 in cash and eight large turkeys from sources entirely outside of Methodism.

We should be very glad of any donations that would help us to cover the small deficit, and we also ask your generous co-operation at Christmas time. There are over 300 children who will look to us for a bit of Christmas cheer, and we must depend on the Epworth Leagues and the churches to see that they are not forgotten.

We thank our many friends in the Leagues and churches of New England for their generous remembrance of our work.

(Rev.) WALTER MORRITT, Headworker,
36 Hull St., Boston.

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Without Cutting, Danger, or Detention from Work, by a Simple Home Remedy

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Relieves the System

from poisons generated by undigested food.
The best morning laxative.

OBITUARIES

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life hath but one more boon to offer,
And that is — death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands —
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For Death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there — oh! vision of delight! —
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted — one.

— Prof. O. M. Conover.

Cutts. — Mrs. Isadore Musgrove Cutts, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. W. Musgrove, was born in Bristol, N. H., Dec. 24, 1870, and passed away from earth at the home of her husband in Merimac, Mass., Sept. 22, 1902.

Mrs. Cutts was the oldest of six children, all of whom, with the father and mother, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bristol. This is the first break in an exceptionally happy and talented family. Her transfer to the church triumphant must now be recorded upon our records. May the family ultimately all be reunited in that church which is without fault before the throne of God!

Mrs. Cutts' illness was sudden. An operation for appendicitis was decided by expert physicians to be necessary. After the operation she regained consciousness and spoke a few parting words to be forever cherished in memory, and then passed beyond the consciousness of pain to be forever free and at rest.

Mrs. Cutts united with the church in early childhood, and was from her youth a member of the choir. She studied elocution as well as music, and acquired a reputation for ability as a public reader. Her talent enabled her to render very efficient service in the social life of the church and community, as well as to bear a prominent part in the "Musgrove Family Concerts" given a few years ago in many places throughout the State. Her natural graces of disposition were beautified and strengthened by Christian influences, so that she became a lovable character to all who knew her. Thus the devoted daughter became the devoted wife, step-mother and mother. She proved in these relations that life was more than art, and that talent finds its best expression in love and duty.

She leaves behind a husband, a little daughter of five years, a step-daughter of twelve

Ask and Receive

The readers of ZION'S HERALD are entitled to a free sample bottle of Liquid Veneer, which they can secure promptly by sending their names to the manufacturers and mentioning this paper.

Liquid Veneer is a recent discovery that makes old things new, such as furniture, pianos, and all kinds of woodwork. It will renovate the house from top to bottom, making everything glisten with a brilliant appearance of newness that is wonderful. It is easily applied with a soft cloth, producing instant results that are lasting. The manufacturers desire to introduce it in every good home and adopt this method of doing so. They accept no money or stamps, but send the sample absolutely free and postpaid. Address, Buffalo Specialty Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

years who had found in her a true mother, besides father and mother, brothers and sisters, all of whom sincerely mourn their loss. "Her sun has gone down while it was yet day."

L. D. B.

Warner. — Mrs. Elizabeth Warner, after an illness of nineteen months, died in East Woodstock, Conn., Oct. 27, 1902, at the age of 74 years.

Mrs. Warner was a daughter of Benoni Austin, one of the fathers of Methodism, staunch and true, who lived to the great age of ninety-six years. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in East Woodstock over fifty years. Of a family of eight children, the only remaining member is an older sister. Especially during her illness Mrs. Warner found much comfort and support in reading ZION'S HERALD, which the sister, Mrs. Mary Sanger, has taken many years. With this surviving sister Mrs. Warner had made her home with an only daughter, Mrs. Ames, and an only granddaughter, Miss Grace Ames, to whom she was much attached. From our little Methodist church in East Woodstock, numbering some thirty members, death has taken ten during the writer's pastorate of seven years.

OTIS E. THAYER.

Dyer. — Lydia Blanchard Dyer was born in Cumberland, Me., 1819, and died in her home at Bowery Beach, Me., Nov. 19, 1902.

In 1843 she was married to Nathaniel Dyer, and removed to Bowery Beach, where she has ever since lived. This union of heart and hand was a happy one. To them were born eight children, four of whom went in advance of her to the better land, as did also her husband. The remaining members of the family are Captain Sumner of the Life Saving Station at the Cape; Henry, residing on the home farm; Mrs. McKenney, stewardess of Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill; and Augusta, who has so tenderly and faithfully nursed her mother through those years of declining life.

Very early in life Mrs. Dyer became a Christian, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. When coming to the Beach she united with the church here, and has been ever since one of its most faithful and efficient members. She was not a backsliding Christian; rather her path was that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day. For many years she was a member of the W. C. T. U., a firm believer in and advocate of the "white life" and a constant wearer of the white ribbon.

The end of her earthly life was just as she had wished. While in her chair and in conversation with a neighbor she heard the Father's call, "Child, come home," calmly closed her eyes, and "was not." The memory of the just is "truly blessed."

R. S. LEARD.

Bundy. — In the death of Miss Persis F. Bundy, which occurred at the home of her nephew, P. L. Locke, in Franklin, N. H., June 6, 1902, a sweet, saintly spirit departed from our beloved Methodism.

Born in Columbia, N. H., July 7, 1824, the nearly seventy-eight years of her life were full of Christian service. Her parents, Jonathan and Fanny Bundy, were long-time residents of Columbia. One by one through the fleeting years Miss Bundy's father, mother, brothers and sisters passed through the gates into the eternal city, she being the last of the family circle to answer the summons, "Child, come home."

Converted early in childhood, she identified herself with the militant hosts on earth. The church was to her the household of faith, and all were brethren in the truest sense of the word. She was educated and trained for the work of a teacher, and for eleven years taught very successfully a ladies' school in Newark, N. J. While occupying this position she made her home in the family of Vice President Hobart, to whom she was related. Called from her chosen work in life to attend the funeral of a sister, she assumed what she believed to be a larger duty — that of caring for the bereaved family of children, among whom was the nephew who ministered to her during her last days. It can be truly and righteously said that Miss Bundy's life was a loving benediction to all with whom she came in contact, especially to the ministers of the Gospel privileged to serve as her pastors.

Just before her death she joined the Congregational Church at Franklin by letter, receiving the right hand of fellowship and the comfort of the Lord's Supper in the home where she was

confined by sickness. Her pastor, Rev. F. A. Balcom, and a few Christian friends participated in the beautiful service.

On the morning of the Sabbath she was lovingly laid at rest in the Columbia cemetery, Rev. W. F. Ineson officiating. Verily, a loyal disciple of Christ has been transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant.

A. M. MARKEY.

Whipple. — Sumner Whipple was born in Solon, Me., Jan. 17, 1817, and died in the same town, Oct. 18, 1902, at the age of 85 years and 9 months.

Mr. Whipple was born of Methodist parentage, but early in life embraced Liberal views, to which he adhered until fifty-two years of age. In the year 1844 he was married to Miss Martha French, a very devout and earnest Christian lady. Her life had a great effect upon his, and under the faithful labors of Rev. Daniel Waterhouse of precious memory Mr. Whipple was soundly converted, and ever after continued an earnest worker for his Master. In due time he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he held various offices until his death.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Whipple fourteen children, seven of whom survive. Mrs. Whipple died fifteen years ago. Two children — a son and daughter — remained at home and cared for their father. His last sickness was

WHAT SULPHUR DOES

For the Human Body in Health and Disease

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall. It was the universal spring and fall "blood-purifier," tonic and cure-all; and, mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide), and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate-coated pellets, and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health. Sulphur acts directly on the liver and excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

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Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples, and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and especially in all forms of skin disease, as this remedy."

At any rate, people who are tired of pills, cathartics, and so-called "blood purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

long and painful, but he bore it all with great fortitude. One son living in Tacoma, Washington, when he learned of his father's severe sickness, came all the way to see him before he died, and to help care for him. Three other children living in town did all that love could suggest to make him as comfortable as possible; for they all knew he could not recover. He died full of years in the presence of his loving children, and surrounded by a host of friends. He will be greatly missed, but he rests from his labors and his works will follow him. E. T. ADAMS.

Leathers.—John G. Leathers was born in Berwick, Me., April 17, 1833, and died June 20, 1902.

At a camp-meeting in Kennebunk, Me., he was soundly converted at the age of twenty-one. He soon united with the Main St. Methodist Episcopal Church in Somersworth (then Great Falls), N. H. On Sept. 26, 1857, he married Elizabeth Wilkins, of Paris, Me. From this union there were five children, two of whom died in infancy. The other three—Charles A. Leathers, Mrs. Lois L. Robinson, and Mrs. Lizzie L. Jenness—are all members of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church in Dover, N. H.

Mr. Leathers moved to Dover, N. H., somewhere about 1860, and became identified with St. John's Church of that city. He lost his good wife in June, 1877. She died in the triumphs of the Gospel of Christ. By trade Mr. Leathers was a carpenter, and was a faithful and conscientious workman. To the members of St. John's Church he will best be remembered as one of its most efficient class-leaders. He became identified with this form of Christian service some twenty-five or thirty years ago, first as an associate leader with "Father" Ashton of sainted memory, and later as leader of a class. The class-meeting was his first interest in the work of the church. Nothing but sickness could deter him from this blessed work. He believed thoroughly that the spiritual welfare of the Methodist Episcopal Church depended upon the class-meeting, and he always deplored any lack of interest on the part of church members in this service. Because of his ability and spiritual devotion as a leader, he came to be recognized as one of the strong pillars of his church. As long as health permitted, he was in his place in all the services, and his voice was sure to be heard in ringing testimony to the power of the Gospel and in fervent exhortation to sinners to flee from the wrath to come. A high sense of devotion to God's cause, and a willingness to sacrifice for the good of the church, marked his Christian life during his many years of labor for the Master.

The memory of his consecrated life will long be cherished by those who knew him.

In September, 1898, while upon his knees in his class-room, he was smitten with paralysis. He recovered from this shock sufficiently to be about again, and even to resume his duties as a class-leader. Though his disease had shorn him of much of his former power, yet he continued faithful to his work up to the last. He attended and led his class only a few days before the second shock came which resulted in his death.

Mr. Leathers was calm and confident to the end, and he passed into the beyond with the full light of God's presence. He is survived by the three children already mentioned, and by two sisters—Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. E. A. Messer, both of Dover—and by one brother, D. H. Stacy, of South Berwick, Me.

Funeral services were held at his home the afternoon of June 23, his pastor, Rev. E. S. Tasker, officiating. E. S. F.

Beatty.—Benjamin A. Beatty was born in Franklin, Vt., March 15, 1843, and died in South Franklin, Nov. 11, 1902, aged nearly 60 years.

Mr. Beatty was the oldest of three children of the late James W. Beatty. His father was a successful farmer, and he followed the same occupation. Oct. 12, 1864, he was united in marriage with Miss Mahala Towle, and soon after they settled on the large and beautiful farm where they have always since lived. About this time he experienced the saving grace of God and united with the Methodist Episcopal

Church in South Franklin, of which his wife was already a member. Together they erected the family altar, and henceforth walked in the pathway of righteousness and peace. Only one child—a son—was born to them, and is now left as a support and comfort to the bereaved mother.

Mr. Beatty was a capable and trustworthy citizen, and as a consequence held the confidence and esteem of his fellow townsmen and by them was placed in responsible positions. He became an ardent supporter of the temperance cause, and at the two last presidential elections was chosen a delegate from his State to the National Prohibition conventions.

For the past few years Mr. Beatty had not been in good health, and on the 6th of last February he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, from which he never recovered. Successive attacks followed, and despite all that medical skill or the best of care could do for his relief, he went gradually down to the close of life. During these months of sickness he suffered much pain, especially in the head. It soon became evident to him that he could not long live, and such was his suffering that he frequently prayed to be taken to his Father's house. Almost his last scarcely audible word was the name of Jesus. He finally went into a deep sleep from which he never awoke here—literally "fell asleep in Jesus," to awake in heaven. What a blessed awakening!

On Nov. 13 the funeral was held, and his pastor, Rev. A. W. Ford, spoke words of comfort and helpfulness to the mourning ones and the many friends present. He was laid to rest by loving hands in the pretty rural cemetery at North Sheldon. Within one year three from the Beatty family—the aged father, the brother's wife, and the subject of this sketch—have been laid to rest in this cemetery, all in the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection and everlasting life.

E. R. TOWLE.

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


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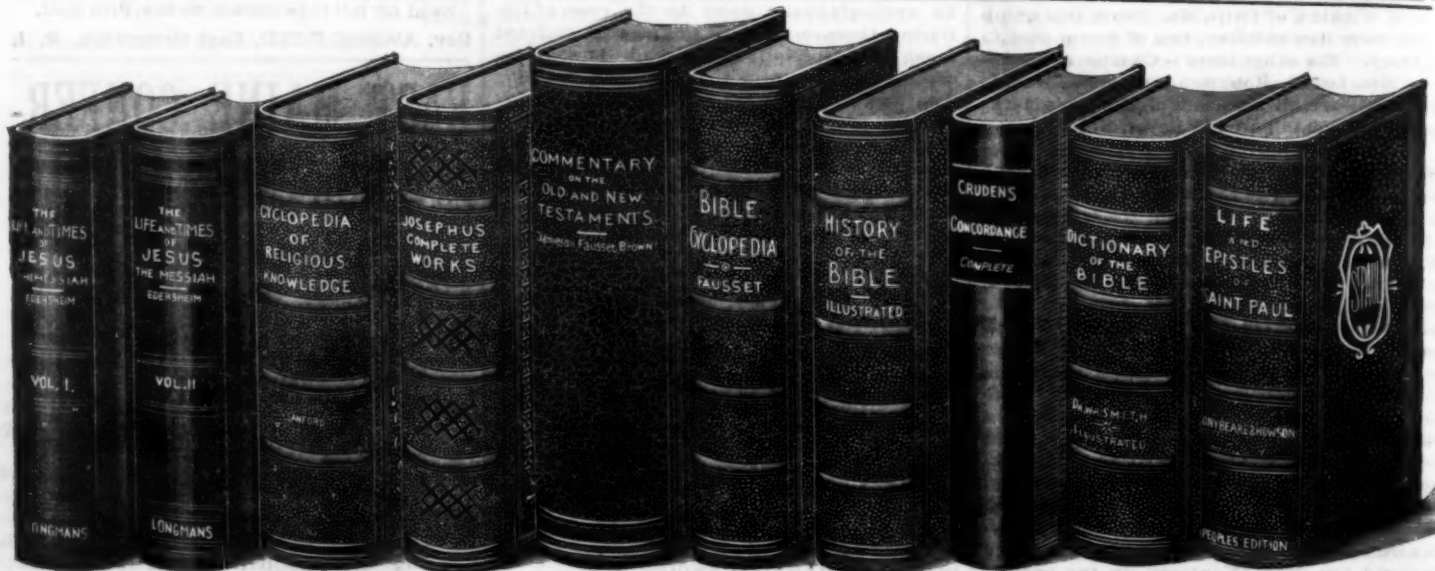
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